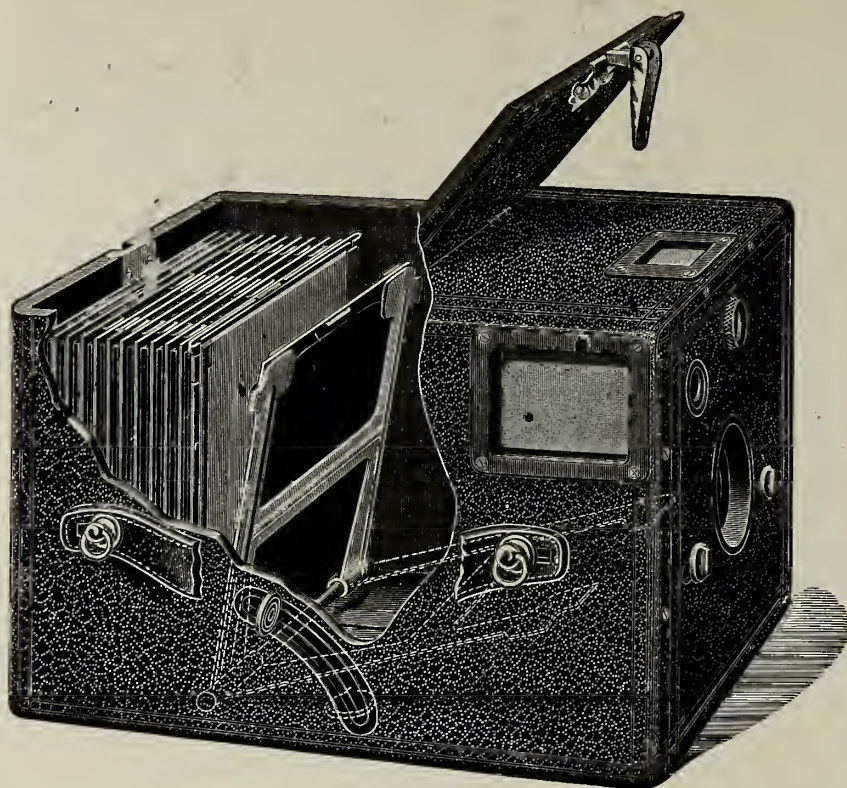


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Prof. Lane: "Latin teaches people to make fools of themselves."

Franklin Brown: "Publius Scipio, a very amiable man."

Prof. Lane: "About two hundred pounds?"

Prof. Crowe: "It just glew (glowed) more did it?"

Prof. Lane (To Junior Geometry Class): "I would just as soon try to teach a row of elairs."

Hugh Smaltz: "They finally excaeped."

Miss Kolb: "Didn't you ever hear of New Haven?" (Miss Whitaker laughs.)

Prof. McMillan (to Clara Porter): "What does 'Remember the porter' mean?"

Miss Porter: "I don't know."


Prof. Crowe: "If you are not careful you will get crystals that look like frozen ice."

Dallas F. Green's Store is a Wonderland, and that is no fairy tale.

Harry Clark (in Civ. Gov.): "They did not have no suitable huts, so a good many died the first winter."

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 And Jeweler,

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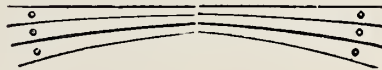
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Prof. Von Kahlen (as Ed. Orr starts out at
first bell): "Hold on, Mr. Orr, don't be so
fiery."

Found in Agnes Miller's Chemistry paper:
"Oxygen is a sightless gas."

Chas. Rothschild (in Geometry): "If two
lines coincide in two points they coincide all
over."

Walter Jones: "What will we take in
laboratory next week?"

Prof. Crowe: "It will probably be some-
thing in water."

Prof. Crowe: "The steam must be red hot."

Prof. Lane: "To which of these points is
the distance greater?"

Sadie Foster: "To the one farthest away."

Prof. Lane: "I was. Continue the conju-
gation, Walter."

Hamilton: "Thou art."

Prof. Lane: "Ralph, where is Troy?"

Murray fails to answer.

"Well, go to the map and find it."

Murray, after searching Spain and Northern
Africa reports that he is unable to find Troy.

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Walter Jones: "Extend, produce or prolong the line A. B."

Chas. Beall (Translating Virgil): "The enveloping cloud suddenly cut itself."

Marion Baker: "If the bisectors of two adjacent angles are perpendicular, they form a right angle."

Ethel Saylor (Translating Virgil): "And may this day be remembered by our ancestors."

Prof. Lane: "What do those angles make?"

Adah Higgins: "An obtuse angle."

Prof. Lane: "Well, the angle is not near so obtuse as some of this class."

Carina Banning (In Virgil): "No anchor holds them with crooked flutes." (Flukes.)

Prof. Lane: "'Crooked flutes.' Must have been some kind of a horn?"

Miss Stevens: "Miss Katherine don't hide behind your hands so."

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Chas. Alderman: "Cicero will be extinguished."

Prof. McMillan: "Where does the yew tree usually grow?"

Chas. Thayer: "In England."

Found in a Junior Geometry paper: "These lines are respectfully equal."

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Walter Barrett: "Write your full name clear out."

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Schaden: "Apollo had a sister named Dina."

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McMillan: "Nothing like having a good opinion of yourself."

George Drayer(Translating Cicero): "Let you and me perish together with the rest of the pestilences."

Carina Banning (Translating Virgil): "I am crying a one-eyed tear."

Elinor Bond: "Are they going to roast us, I mean (Fat and I) in the animal?"

Roy Tigar: "There were six hundred vessels killed."

Miss Koib: "He had two sons and they were twin boys."

Miss Monahan: "The free men had to toil the soil."

Miss Wellbom: "After the defeat, the Persian fleet marched back home by way of the Aegean Sea."

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Foster Shirt Waist,

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Mr. Lane: "Translate the sentence before which you began at."

Mr. Crowe: "Close the windows down."

Smaltz (Translating Cicero): "Oh, Cataline, two Roman knights were found who promised to kill you in my bed."

Mr. Lane (looking for Rothschild): "Much ado about nothing."

Mattie Staub (In Physics): "Every liquid begins to melt at a certain temperature."

Mr. Lane: "Translate this 'All fools.'"

Ethel Saylor: "Omnes Stultes."

Mr. Lane: "Why do you make it masculine?"

Blanche Tinkham: "Defoe had a good many things on the string at once."

Upmeyer: "I don't know why he did that for."

Sealtz: "Maple Avenue is lovers 'Lane.'"

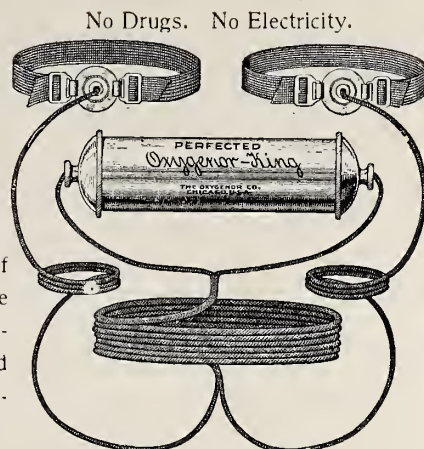
Von Kahliden: "Paul, how would you punctuate this sentence: 'There goes Myrtle, the cutest girl in town.'"

Paul: "I'd make a dash after Myrtle."

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UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORTS. OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.

VOL. XXIV. No. 8. JULY 12, 1895, PAGE 8, NATURE'S OWN METHOD OF FREEING HERSELF FROM DISEASE. REMEDIAL METHODS.

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Addie Diether: "I don't take Latin any more, and I have forgotten all but one word of it. I could never forget 'Amo' " (Love.)

Von Kahlden (After calling Hamilton, Hopkins and Diether by other than their right names): "I always get the F's mixed up."

Hazel Pearse (After someone suggested that she ask Drayer to translate her Latin): "Oh, he doesn't know anything."

Mr. Crowe: "What is work?"

Hamilton: "I don't know."

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Ice Cream Soda,
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Jessie Reitze: "I get so mad at the K. M., because she lets my mirror get so dirty that I can hardly see myself."

Carina Banning: "A reaction is where the stuff unites with other stuff."

Mr. Lane (Assigning the Junior Geometry Lesson): "You may muddle with the next two propositions."

Mr. Crowe (After Walter Barrett has been talking for about seven minutes, during which time Crowe has been busy reading the lesson): "Heh? What did you say?"

It your eyes don't track, or are not mates, see Dallas F. Green, the expert Optician, about them.

The Eniauton of '00.

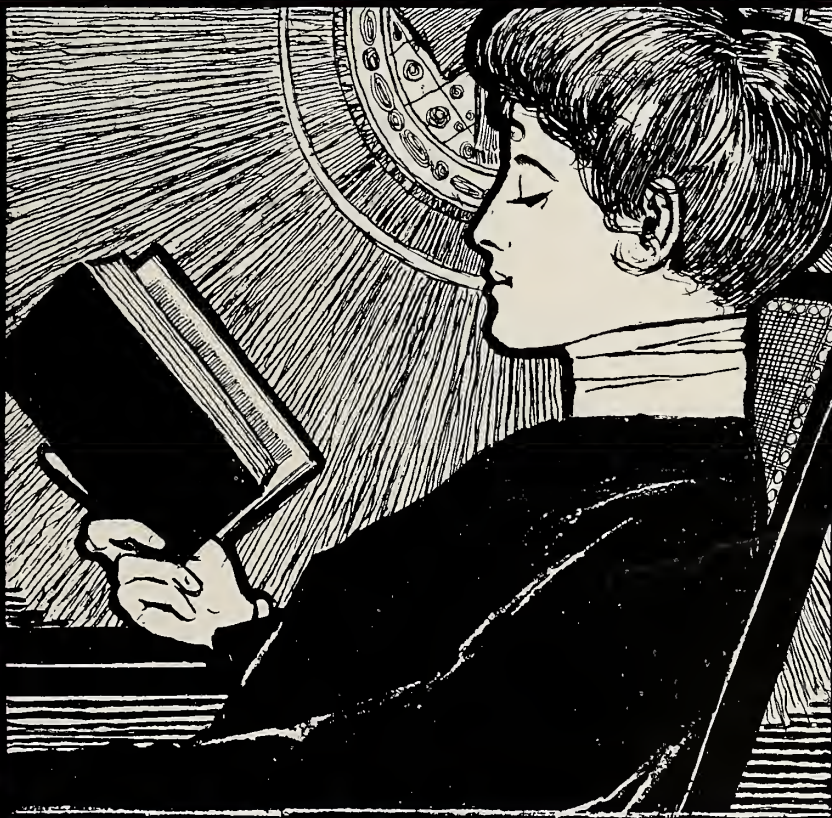
*Published by
The Senior Class.*

Fort Wayne High School.

W D. PAGE, PRINTER, FORT WAYNE, IND

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Eniauton



FWHS-1900

FALLS



- Frontispiece.
Dedication.
Enlanton Staff.
Baby Pictures of Staff.
Preface.
'00 Sonnet.
School Board.
Faculty.
'60 Poem.
"Classes."
Officers—Senior Class.
Senior Class Roll.
Poem—"Crimson and Green."
'00 History.
Officers—Junior Class.
'01 Poem.
'01 History.
Officers—Sophomore Class.
'02 Poem.
'02 History.
Officers—Freshman Class.
'02 Poem.
'03 History.
Pictures of High School.
"How to Avoid Overwork in High School."
"Two Things Equal to the Same Thing."
"Athletics."
A. A. A.
'99 Field Day.
Track Team.
High School Records.
Base Ball.
Foot Ball Drawing.
'99 Foot Ball Team.
"Foot Ball Season of '99."
Poem—"The Sports Lament."
"The Next Day."
"Organizations."
Delta Sigma Nu.
Pedro Club.
Brown-Eyed Susans.
Six G's Cooking Club.
Pi Kappa Phi.
Knights of Labor (?)
High School Curiosity Club.
M. F. A.
Delta Pi.
"Curls" Club.
Profs Eating Club.
"The Expedition of the Dewey."
Poem—"The Snow-flakes."
"Ah, Fergit it."
Dictionary of Slang.
Advertisements.
Ascending the Scale.
High School Mother Goose.
Statistics.
Juniors Late in Life.
Shakespearcan Minor.
"Victories of Class of '00."
Calendar.
"College Pranks in Germany."
"The Story of the Jacqueminot Rose."
"Because She Advised Him So."
Recessional.
THE END.

✻ Dedication. ✻

////
To the faculty :

Each one of whom has done what he
could towards making men and women
of us, the 'oo Eniauton is dedicated.



CONSTITUTION

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❖ Preface. ❖



CAN any one wonder at the the feeling of apprehension with which we present to the public this volume, the last annual of the nineteenth century? The four preceding Annuals have been so good, that we feel somewhat doubtful whether we have made any improvement. But in our inmost hearts we feel, with all due modesty, that there is no reason for this doubt, and we hope our readers will share this feeling.

We wish to call especial attention to the name that we have chosen. For the last few years there has been a great deal of discussion as to whether the Annual should be called the "Vedette" or the "ENIAUTON." This question ought to be settled, and the name remain the same year after year, instead of being changed by each class. Because the first Annual was the "Vedette" is no reason why all the Annuals should be "Vedettes." In truth, "ENIAUTON" is a more appropriate name than "Vedette," for "ENIAUTON" means "once a year," and "Vedette" means "advance guard," which was a very appropriate name for the first Annual, because it was the advance guard of all the other Fort Wayne High School Annuals. We see every reason why a book published once a year should be called the "ENIAUTON,"

but we fail to see why it should be called "Vedette." We hope that we, departing, may leave behind us footsteps in the sands of time in which all the succeeding classes may follow.

We wish also to extend our most hearty thanks to Messrs. Charles Falls, Marion Miller and Paul Hopkins, for their kind assistance, and to all who have taken an interest and helped us in our work.



'oo Sonnet.

Should you ask me where I heard them,
Heard these sayings and these praises,
Of the great class nineteen hundred,
I would tell you that the teachers,
All the mighty band of teachers,
Spend their time in singing praises
Of the great class nineteen hundred.
Telling how it, on its entrance,
Shook this great abode of learning
Through and through to its foundations,
Filled with a strange, nameless terror,
All the mighty upper classes,
With a dread of what would happen
When that wond'rous class grew older.
With a fear that 'twould outshine them
As the noon outshines the morning,
As the dawn outshines the darkness.
Great and many are the exploits
I could tell you of their brav'ry.
Valiant were the foes they conquered,
Bloody were their awful battles.
Now upon the heights, as Seniors,
(Heights have ne'er been reached so lofty,)
Look they back upon the strivings
Of the struggling under classes,
Classes fated ne'er to climb to
Heights on which they now are standing.
With a feeling of compassion,
And with hearts brimful of pity,
Turn they toward their struggling brothers,
And with tears bid them farewell.

Superintendent of Public Schools.

JUSTIN N. STUDY.

Board of School Trustees.

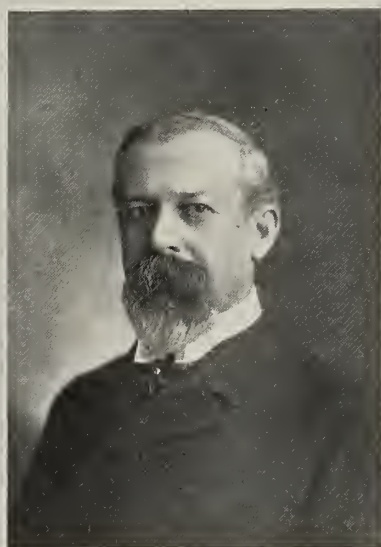
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'oo Poem.

You have read the poetry of the past,
Written by this 1900 class,
No doubt with fortitude.
This will be the last
Ever written by this class,
As everything has an end—alas !
Even poetical latitude.

This will be no cartoon,
And we crave it as a boon
That you read this one, at least.
For now very soon,
In fact, the first of June
Will end this poetical feast
Of the 1900 class.

For this poem will undertake,
In a small way, to relate
Some of the achievements of the 1900 class.
But here the poet is troubled,
And his labor well nigh doubled,
When he thinks to do justice
To the magnitude of the task.

How this 1900 class
Came through the dim and dusty
Corridors of the past.
Where all the crannies and nooks,
Were filled with books,
Each one to be studied and learned,
Fame well earned.

How, when safely to the end,
With nothing left to mend,
With all the work well done
Came this 1900 class.
Came to that day in June,
Almost it seems too soon,
To hear the welcome answer, "You will pass."

To those who come behind,
We beg will be so kind
As to bear in mind
This 1900 class.
For now we say, good-bye,
And in everything will try
"To pass."



**CLASS
OF
1900**



Class of '00.

MOTTO : POSSEMUS, QUIA POSSE VIDEMUR.

FLOWER : Jacqueminot Rose.

COLORS : Olive Green and Crimson.

YELL—Bing-a-Whacka,
Ching-a-Whacka,
Wah-Who-Wah !

1900 !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

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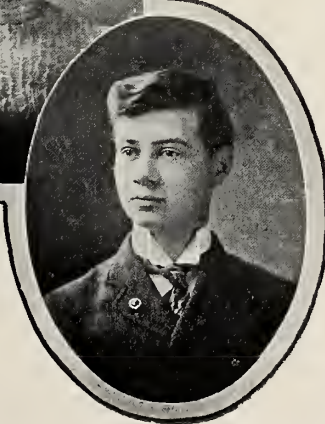
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M. F. A.



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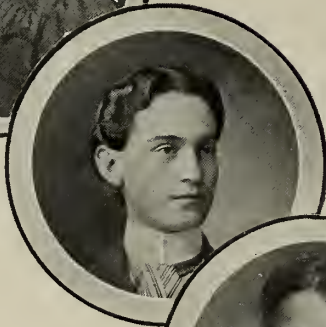
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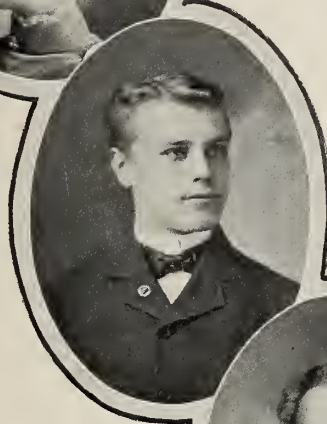
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BLANCHE TINKHAM—Latin. Aide Toi Cooking Club.



CARL HERBERT UPMEYER—Latin. Delta Pi; Class Secretary, '99-'00; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, 1900 Eniauton; Debating Society, '97-8; Foot Ball Team; Usher, '93-'99, A. A. A.



NELLIE LOUISE VAN VOLKENBURGH—Latin. Class Poetess, '97-8, '98-9, '99-00; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, 1900 Eniauton.



KATHARINE HAMILTON WAGENHALS—Classical. Literary Editor, 1900 Eniauton.



HAZEL HARPER WHITAKER—Latin. Calendar Editor, 1900 Eniauton; M. F. A.



MYRTLE SLEEPER WILDING—Latin. Class Treasurer, '97-8; Assistant Society Editor, 1900 Eniauton; M. F. A.



EDITH MAE ZOOK—Classical. Class Historian, '98-9.

Crimson and Green.

Hail, glorious old crimson; hail, old olive green;
There never were colors of so brilliant a sheen.
Hail, old bi-color under whose folds we fought
Our battles in High School, and conquered by thought.

No foe could withstand us with you in the lead,
Nor waited attack, but fled at full speed.
Our class is now parted, but you shall remain
In our memory fixed, kept free from all stain.

Perhaps as older and older we grow,
Your remembrance will awaken a glow,
When we are by cares and troubles beset,
That will make us happy and then cease to fret.

Hail, glorious old crimson; hail, old olive green;
How happy four years in this High School have been;
But now they are over, we must say good-bye,
And go each our way in life, both you and I.

'oo History.



IN THE fall of the year 1896, Fort Wayne High School received the largest, the brightest and the best class that ever entered its doors. Its career has been notorious for genius and ability, to say nothing of mischief. The tricks that were invented and the antics that were performed aroused the envy of all the classes. The first year passed as all years will, and having attained the wisdom of Sophomores, the class said good-bye to the attic and settled down to quiet work. This year class colors were chosen, of crimson and olive; a literary society was formed for the purpose of studying the lives and works of famous authors. Here Sophomore oratory and wisdom had a chance to display themselves, which they did to advantage. The year closed with a good, old fashioned picnic, and all who were present will remember it with pleasure.

At the beginning of the third year the girls joined the boys in the big room. The Juniors were given seats in front of the Seniors, and behaved so well that some were honored with back seats the second half. In March an entertainment was given, which was not only enjoyable, but like everything pertaining to 'oo, was unique. The programme began with the extinction of all the electric lights. The confusion and delay incident to this was followed by a fine literary entertainment, and then due homage was paid to Terpsichore. This entertainment was a success socially and financially. At the close of the year the class held the second of its annual picnics, at which the Juniors showed their capacity for ice cream. The daring deeds and crimes of this courageous class committed in this year are so numerous that they can not be mentioned here, but will be found elsewhere in the annual.

The Senior year dawned calm and peaceful. Dignity weighed heavily upon the class, or was supposed to. They were on the last lap of their brilliant career and were determined to make the finish the most brilliant of their record. Early in the year they chose their class pin, one of which was presented to Mr. Lane. They have done what no class has ever done. They have given an entertainment and dance to defray the expense of their class pins. Needless to say, they were successful in every respect.

Graduation now draws near, and we of the class of 1900, who have worked together for so many years, go each to his allotted task. Pleasant memories of our school days will always be with us. No kinder wish can we give to those who are to follow than that they may in all things fare as well as we, the class of 1900.





Class of '01.

MOTTO: "VENI, VIDI, VICI."

FLOWER: American Beauty.

COLORS: Red and Blue.

YELL—Rip Rah ! Zip Rah ! Rip Rah Ru !

Rickety Rack ! Zickety Zack ! Red and Blue !

Rip Rah ! Zip Rah ! Rip Rah Run !

Fort Wayne High School—Nineteen One !

OFFICERS :

GUY SMITH, President.

ADAH HIGGINS, Treasurer.

HOWARD PIERCE, Vice-President.

ELLA McCULLOUGH, Historian.

ALMANA BEEBE, Secretary.

LOUISE BOND, Poetess.

'01 Poem.

By an old mouldering building, looking eastward as you go,
There's a school house a standing, and it makes us hustle so.
For the wind is in the maple trees, and the school bells they say,
"Come you back, you lazy scholar, come you back an' no delay."

Come you back and no delay,
You'll get thunder if you stay
On the road day, with the
Kids who love to play.

The walls inside were yaller, and outside were painted red,
And we called it Hi-scho-la, jes so we a name could hollar.
And we seed it first in ninety-seven, when the class as preps began.
Plucky lot, we little cared then when year '01 would come.

On the road any day,
You can see the kids at play,
But you'll get thunder if you stay
Out among them any day.

When the ice was on the sidewalks, and the gas was burning low,
We'd get a gentle hint, and we'd all up and go.
And we uster watch the weather, with a hope
We dare not speak, that the gas main would freeze,
Freeze up solid for a week.

On the road any day,
You can see the kids at play,
But you'll get thunder if you stay
Out among them any day.

I am sick a wastin' hours o'er these leather covered books,
And the blasted Henglish history is not worth the toil it took.
Tho' we worked some fifty problems outer Greek and Latin poems,
"Law what do we understand,"
We've a brighter prospect coming in a nearer year at hand.

On the road any day,
You can see the kids at play,
But you'll get thunder if you stay
Out among them any day.

Send us to some eastern college, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no brighter scholars, and our class, '01, comes first.
For the college bells are calling, and its there that I would be,
By some old Senior member, lookin' wiser even than he.

On the road any day,
You can see the kids at play,
But you'll get thunder if you stay
Out among them any day.

'01 History.



THE FALL of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, was the time when we, one of the largest Freshmen classes that has ever entered the Fort Wayne High School, began our High School career. We had the honor of being the first class ever organized in the first year of its High School life. We held important business meetings for the purpose of electing officers and choosing a motto and class colors. We decided on the famous motto, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" We selected the colors, red and blue, as our class colors. Late in the year the class was organized into a debating society.

We began our second year with a decrease in number, but with more energy and knowledge. We held class meetings as in the preceding year. The year was uneventful, for we were getting down to business and had no time for outside affairs.

We entered our Junior year with more class spirit, and with an ardent desire to excel all preceding classes. We modestly leave it to our friends to say whether or not we have succeeded. We held many important business meetings. At one of these we unanimously decided to remember Mr. Lane's birthday by presenting him with a large bunch of American beauties, our class flower. As it was late in the autumn, and we were unable to secure these flowers, we gave him a large bunch of chrysanthemums tied with our class colors. We had the honor of being the first class to begin the study of German, which has proven one of the most interesting studies in the curriculum. We certainly have reason to be proud of our class, and expect great things from it before our next and last year closes.

HISTORIAN.



Class of '02.

MOTTO : CARPE DIEM.

FLOWER : White Rose.

COLORS : Navy Blue and Gold.

YELL—Hiro ! Kiro !
Zip ! Rah ! Ru !
Fort Wayne High School,
1902.

OFFICERS.

PAGE YARNELLE, President.

ALBERT SCHAFF, Sec'y and Treas.

CLARA OWEN, Vice-President.

ALICE FOSTER, Poetess.

LILIAN HIRSH, Historian.

'02 Poem.

Here I am again,
Just where I've always been,
Ready to sing the praises of our class.
We have grown a little older,
And perhaps a little bolder,
But that doesn't count for much, so let it pass.

We have grown a little taller,
Though we've grown a little smaller,
For our members have gradually shrunk.
Spite of all that we could do,
Our classmates quite a few,
Fell victims to the mute, inglorious "flunk."

We have learned a little Greek,
And some Latin we can speak,
And of other things we have learned a pile.
But of that which we are proudest,
And the thing that speaks the loudest,
Is the way our boys are putting on the style.

They are trying hard to smoke,
And occasionally they "go broke,"
And some are really thinking they must shave,
Their trousers now are long,
Their talk a little strong,
And quite like grown up men they now behave.

The girls too they are growing,
And on their books bestowing,
A little more than their accustomed care.
Long skirts are now the rule,
Even where we go to school,
And some of us now put up our back hair.

Without any hesitation,
And with no prevarication,
I therefore now declare it unto you.
Of all the high school classes,
There are no such boys' and lassies,
As from the class of Nineteen-two.

'02 History.



URING the early part of the second year of its existence, the notable class of 1902 met and reorganized. There were about thirty members present, all of whom were very energetic and were anxious to assist in the promotion of the welfare of their class. But gradually this unusual interest subsided and at the second meeting of the class not more than one-third of the members attended.

It was decided at the last meeting that the President should have the power to call the class together, but we all understand that there are other things that occupy his time, and so the result is that a certain place east of the F. W. H. S. has had more of the President's attention than the class.

HISTORIAN.



Class of '03.

MOTTO; "AN INVESTMENT IN KNOWLEDGE ALWAYS PAYS BEST INTEREST."

COLORS: Dark Blue and White.

FLOWER: Pink Rose.

YELL—Boom-a-lac-ca, Boom-a-lac-ca!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ching-a-lac-ca, Ching-a-lac-ca!

Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!

Boom-a-lac-ca, Ching-a-lac-ca!

Re! Rah! Re!

Fort Wayne High School,

Nineteen Three.

OFFICERS.

CHARLES C. FELTS, President.

DOROTHY ALBRECHT, Poetess.

C. RALPH WILLSON, Vice-President.

CHESTER A. DUNTEN, Historian.

ESTELLA HELMER, Secretary.

EDITH HUGHES, Treasurer.

HISTORIAN'S STAFF:

HILDA LANE.

EMMA ALRINGER.

ELINOR BOND.

HARRY McCORMICK.

HARRY GINTY.

'03 Poem

When to the High School first we went,
To study hard our sole intent,
All unexpected came a foe,
Oh, my! but we were frightened so,
The "Sophs" were out in war's bright glare.
They thumped our backs and pulled our hair.

They tried to chase us from the school,
And said that they alone should rule.
At blows and sneers we angry got,
And the battles opened fierce and hot.
We cried, "Look out, before we're through
We'll teach you 'sophs' a trick or two."

Some made a rush at their weakest spot,
And by the mean "Sophs" quickly got;
Then a brave teacher who came in sight.
Relieved the rest from their sorry plight.
The teacher who stopped the Sophomore's fun
Is now the "Freshies" favorite one.

We may be "green" and rather slow,
There are many things we ought to know,
The "Sophs" may "queer" us near and far,
But we're not as "green" as they think we are.
They call us fresh but we've been told
That stalest things are always old.

And when in after years we meet,
The "Sophs" will be on the hind most seat;
While in the front, calm and serene,
The "Freshies" can be plainly seen.
For the brightest class you will all agree,
Is the class of nineteen hundred and three.

'03 History.*



WHEN entering, how full of opportunities is the life of a Freshman in the Fort Wayne High School, and how bright his outlook. Never before was the appreciation of these truths made more manifest than in the class of 1903. Whatever may have been the ambition of other classes, ours is the attainment of the products of industry, and we claim some success in this line.

On the 13th of February, 1900, our class was organized. At the meeting held on that date the selections of all officers and committeemen were made. Our class as an organization has yet to manifest its strength. Do not let our silence allure you into the belief that we have attained to no success, for we have. Thus far we have proven ourselves loyal to the glorious blue and whiet.

*We wish to call the reader's attention to the fact that this "long and brilliant" history was written by a staff consisting of six members.



How to Avoid Overwork in High Schools.



IF THERE is overwork in high schools, it is not because a preventive is obscure or difficult of application. It consists in the following by students of this plain and simple direction. Do not take any more work than you can do with safety to your health and with reasonable mastery. "But," you may say, "I cannot then graduate in four years." Possibly. But neither the civil nor the moral law requires you to. There is neither disgrace nor sin in taking four years and a half or even five years. No requirement of the school authorities compels any student to undertake more work than the students parents think it prudent for him to undertake. To adjust your work to your physical and mental ability is not a privilege but a right, and it is a right that has long been fully and freely conceded in our high school and probably in most others.

It is no less obvious and no less just that the physically strong and mentally active, the industrious, the energetic and the ambitious, shall have an opportunity to do all that they are capable of doing without strain of mind or body. As long as each student is free to choose whether he will take four years or five to complete all the work required to gain a diploma, there can seemingly be no just complaint of pressure or over-crowding on the part of the schools. The soundness of this position is all the more apparent when it is understood that any student whose circumstances do not permit him to remain in school long enough to graduate and gain a diploma may pursue such studies as he selects subject only to such restrictions as are inherent in the subjects of study themselves, and may, when he is ready

to leave school, receive a certificate of the amount of work accomplished and the degree of excellence with which it has been done. This certificate answers all the purposes of a diploma as far as it goes.

It may be urged that the amount of work required for graduation in four years is greater in high schools generally than the majority of students can perform with prudent regard to their bodily and mental health. There is some reason to think that such a complaint cannot be substantiated.

In 1893 there was published the now famous report of "The Committee of Ten" on Secondary School Studies. Of that Committee President Eliot, of Harvard, was chairman, and Dr. Harris, Commissioner of Education, was a member of it. In all of its model programmes the committee set down twenty hours of recitation per week, five of which were to be unprepared recitations. In these programmes no provision is made for music, drawing, or elocution.

A few weeks ago there was published a report of a committee of the Indiana Town and Superintendents' Association. On page ten of its report the Committee recommends that every student who is not physically or mentally defective, should spend twenty recitation periods per week in recitation and that *four* of these recitations at least in the *first two years* of the course should be unprepared.

An examination of a large number of high school courses of study in this and neighboring states shows that in the actual practice of the schools, twenty recitations per week is the usual requirement from the first year to the last. At the meeting of the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association, held in this city last spring, one of the topics for discussion in the high school section, was, "Are twenty hours too many?" Not a word was said in affirmative answer of the question.

The practice of our own High School appears in the following table. The second of the two numerals shows the number of unprepared recitations:

NUMBER OF RECITATIONS PER WEEK.

	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.
Latin Course.....	16—2.....	18—1.....	18—2.....	19—1....
Latin-German Course.....	16—2.....	18—1.....	20—3.....	18—2....
English-German Course.....	16—2.....	16—0.....	18—2.....	17—1....
Classical Course.....	16—2.....	18—1.....	18—2.....	18—2....

It is confidently believed that the amount of work required to be done by those who wish to complete a course in four years is extremely conservative, and is no more than can safely be attempted and satisfactorily accomplished by young people of fair health and ability, who are in earnest and willing to work; those who cannot do it in four years, may take longer.

The writer understands and appreciates the desire young people have to keep pace with those with whom they enter school. This desire is with some so strong as to withstand the dictates of prudence. No doubt health and comfort are sometimes sacrificed to this sentiment; but for such sacrifice the school authorities are not to blame. Something might however be done to lessen the temptation. All formal graduation might be abolished, and instead of the diploma now given at the completion of a course, there might be given to each student at the end of each year, a certificate stating what subjects he had pursued and with what degree of success. Think of this. It is possibly one of the features of the twentieth century high school. In the mean time the Board of School Trustees might make a rule that no girl in the high school shall take more than fifteen hours of recitation per week, except on the written request of her parents, countersigned by the family physician.

Two Things Equal to the Same Thing.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to love, they say;
So it was with F-e- M-n-d.
Toward the close of school, last May.

Thoughts anent a certain fair one
Filled with restlessness his mind,
And some present for her birthday,
Eagerly he sought to find.

Gilded belts for girls, last season
Were considered quite the thing;
"I'll get one of those," said F-e-,
"Later on, perhaps a ring."

So he sought the dens of fashion,
Where he learned, to his surprise,
That the belt would not fit snugly
If he didn't know the size.

Then he blushed and stammered slightiy,
Losing all his wonted calm,
But in bashful tones suggested,
"Could you measure —er—my arm?"

Athletic



Members of H. H. H.

OFFICERS :

PROF. SCHULTZE, President.

PROF. CROWE, Vice-President.

PROF. PRICE, Sec'y and Treas.

MEMBERS.

PROF. VON KAHLDEN.

NATHAN, '02.

F. HAMILTON, '03.

HUSTON, '00.

BARRETT, '00.

PARRY, '01.

WAGENHALS, '02.

A. HAMILTON, '02.

A. SCHULTZ, '02.

GINTY, '03.

MURRAY, '00.

HULL, '03.

BARROWS, '02.

DUNCAN, '03.

OLDS, '02.

LUKENS, '03.

FLEMING, '01.

NUTTING, '03.

DIETHER, '01.

WRIGHT, '02.

COPPOCK, '01.

ELLISON, '02.

HUGHES, '01.

SMITH, '01.

McLAIN, '02.

PIERCE, '01.

MILLER, '01.

DICK, '00.

BEALL, '00.

ROTHSCHILD, '01.

DRAYER, '01.

SCHAFF, '02.

WILLSON, '03.

DALMAN, '00.

RRUEPER, '00

Sixth Annual Meet,
OF THE
** Fort Wayne High School **

— *A. A. A.* —

AT 2:00 P. M., AT

Driving Park, May 26, 1900.

~~~~~  
**JUDGES.**

SCHULTZE.

MACMILLEN.

CROWE.

**STARTER.**

RANDALL.

**ANNOUNCER AND CLERK.**

BRADLEY.

**HANDICAPPER.**

PELTIER.

**TIMERS.**

MILLER.

MEYERS.

BLACK.

## Events of '99 field Day.

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### FIFTY YARD DASH.

O'Brien, 1st.

Jacobs, 2d.

Barrows, 3d.

Time, 6 Seconds.

### PUTTING THE SHOT.

Schultz, 1st.

Johnson, 2d.

Thayer, 3d.

Distance, 35.3 feet.

### HUNDRED YARD DASH.

Evans, 1st.

O'Brien, 2d.

Schultz, 3d.

Time, 11 Seconds.

### THROWING THE HAMMER.

Schultz, 1st.

Johnson, 2d.

Huston, 3d.

Distance, 77.9 feet.

### 220 YARD DASH.

Thayer, 1st.

Evans, 2d.

O'Brien, 3d.

Time, 26 Seconds.

### BASE BALL THROW.

Dick, 1st.

Jacobs, 2d.

Thayer, 3d.

Distance, 285 feet.

### ONE-HALF MILE RUN.

Evans, 1st.

Schultz, 2d.

O'Brien, 3d.

Time, 2 Min. 32½ sec.

### ONE MILE BICYCLE (H. S.) RACE.

Thayer, 1st.

Wood, 2d.

Alderman, 3d.

Time, 2 min. 39 1-5 sec.

## Events---Continued.

### ~~~~~ HALF MILE CLASS RELAY RACE.

Forfeited to "1900."

### RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

|                          |              |            |
|--------------------------|--------------|------------|
| Drayer, 1st.             | Diether, 2d. | Beall, 3d. |
| Height, 4 feet 8 inches. |              |            |

### RUNNING HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

|                              |             |            |
|------------------------------|-------------|------------|
| Diether, 1st.                | Pierce, 2d. | Evans, 3d. |
| Distance, 37 feet 6½ inches. |             |            |

### RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

|                             |             |              |
|-----------------------------|-------------|--------------|
| Diether, 1st.               | Pierce, 2d. | O'Brien, 3d. |
| Distance, 16 feet 6 inches. |             |              |

### TWO MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Open Handicap.

|                     |             |              |
|---------------------|-------------|--------------|
| Alderman, 1st.      | Heller, 2d. | Pierson, 3d. |
| Time, 5 min. 2 sec. |             |              |

### HALF MILE WALK.

|                      |           |                |
|----------------------|-----------|----------------|
| Evans, 1st.          | Long, 2d. | Schlatter, 3d. |
| Time, 1 min. 58 sec. |           |                |

### 120 YARD HURDLE RACE.

|                   |            |             |
|-------------------|------------|-------------|
| O'Brien, 1st.     | Evans, 2d. | Huston, 3d. |
| Time, 22 1-5 sec. |            |             |

### 440 YARD DASH.

|                         |              |            |
|-------------------------|--------------|------------|
| Thayer, 1st.            | Schultz, 2d. | Evans, 3d. |
| Time, 1 min. 1 1-5 sec. |              |            |





## Records of Fort Wayne High School H. H. H.

|                             | TIME.              | YEAR.    | NAME.               | CLASS. |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------|---------------------|--------|
| 50 Yard Dash.....           | 5½ sec.....        | '97..... | Willson .....       | '99    |
| 100 Yard Dash.....          | 10½ " .....        | '97..... | Willson .....       | '99    |
| 220 Yard Dash.....          | 24 3-5 " .....     | '96..... | Stonecifer.....     | '96    |
| 440 Yard Dash.....          | 56 " .....         | '97..... | Schultz .....       | '99    |
| Half Mile Run.....          | 2 min. 32½ " ..... | '99..... | Evans .....         | '02    |
| One Mile Run.....           | 5 " 35 " .....     | 95.....  | D. McDonald .....   | '95    |
| Quarter Mile Walk .....     | 1 " 43¾ " .....    | '97..... | Crim.....           | '97    |
| Potato Race.....            | 1 " 15 " .....     | '95..... | Bursley .....       | '95    |
| One Mile Bicycle Race ..... | 2 " 39 " .....     | '99..... | Thayer .....        | '00    |
| Three Legged Race, 100 yds, | 13 " .....         | '97..... | Huston and Miller.. | '00    |
| Half Mile Relay Race .....  | 1 " 26 " .....     | '97..... | Team of.....        | '99    |

### DISTANCE.

|                                |         |             |          |                   |     |
|--------------------------------|---------|-------------|----------|-------------------|-----|
| Running Hop, Step and Jump ..  | 38 feet | 1 in.....   | '98..... | Willson.....      | '99 |
| Running High Jump .....        | 4 "     | 10½ " ..... | '96..... | Keil .....        | '98 |
| Standing Hop, Step and Jump .. | 27 "    | 2½ " .....  | '98..... | Stonecifer.....   | '96 |
| Running Broad Jump .....       | 18 "    | .....       | '95..... | Orff .....        | '97 |
| Standing Broad Jump .....      | 8 "     | 10 " .....  | '95..... | Davis.....        | '95 |
| Throwing the Hammer .....      | 95 "    | 8 " .....   | '95..... | Bass.....         | '98 |
| Putting the Shot .....         | 39 "    | 6 " .....   | '95..... | Bass.....         | '98 |
| Throwing Base Ball .....       | 306 "   | 6 " .....   | '95..... | Orff .....        | '97 |
| Throwing Foot Ball .....       | 105 "   | 9 " .....   | '95..... | D. McDonald ..... | '95 |

# Base Ball.

## 00' TEAM.

FRED. HUSTON, '00, - Manager.  
RALPH MURRAY, '00, - Captain.

### CATCHER. CLASS

Adolph Schultz ..... '03.

### PITCHERS.

Ralph Murray ..... '00  
Paul Hopkins ..... '01.  
Walter Heit ..... '03.

### 1ST BASE.

Fred Huston ..... '00.

### 2ND BASE.

Hugh Smaltz ..... '01

### 3RD BASE.

Fred Burger ..... '01.

### SHORT STOP.

Walter Heit ..... '03.

### LEFT FIELD.

Harry McCormick ..... '03

### CENTER FIELD.

Kelly Wright ..... '02.

### RIGHT FIELD.

Arthur Schultz ..... '02.

### SUBSTITUTES.

George Thorward ..... '02.  
Ed. Lukens ..... '03.  
Victor Nussbaum ..... '01.  
John Getze ..... '01.

## SEASON OF 1899.

Brother's School, 11 ..... High School, 12.  
Concordia College, 11 ..... " " 13.  
Brothers School, 7 ..... " " 4.  
Concordia College, 21 ..... " " 2.  
New Haven, 4 ..... " " 5.  
Concordia College, 23 ..... " " 4.





## foot Ball Team of '99.

|                       |                                 |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Manager.....          | Smith, '01.                     |
| Captain.....          | Hopkins, '01.                   |
| Full Back.....        | Drayer, '01                     |
| Right Half Back ..... | Thayer, '00                     |
| Left Half Back .....  | Upmeyer, '00                    |
| Center.....           | Miller, '02                     |
| Left Guard.....       | Schultz, '02                    |
| Left Tackle.....      | Hopkins, '01                    |
| Left End.....         | Murray, '00                     |
| Right Guard.....      | Huston, '00                     |
| Right Tackle.....     | Long, '02                       |
| Right End.....        | { Diether, '01<br>Hamilton, '01 |
| Quarter Back.....     | Barrows, '02                    |

### SUBSTITUTES.

Ellison, '02.    Evans, '02.    O'Brien, '03.    Parry, '01.

### Games.

|                     |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| High School 12..... | South Wayne 0.            |
| “ “ 16.....         | Business College 0.       |
| “ “ 0.....          | Huntington 0.             |
| “ “ 0.....          | Auburn City Team 20.      |
| “ “ 12.....         | Kendallville City Team 6. |



## foot Ball Season of '99.

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HEN IN its history has the Fort Wayne High School been represented by a better foot bail team than that which appeared on the gridiron in the autumn of '99? Never. The school seemed to appreciate the fact, and at all the games played on the home grounds, there were large and enthusiastic crowds of students present to encourage the team.

Soon after the opening of school in September the candidates were tried and the team selected. Systematic practice was immediately commenced and on September 23rd we met and defeated the International Business College team by a score of 16 to 0. On September 30th we vanquished a picked team of city players which sailed under the name of "South Waynes." The score of this game was 12 to 0.

The team did some thorough practice work during the following week and on Oct 7 played an excellent game with the Huntington High School Team. Nothing need be said of the Huntington team, as their reputation is widespread in foot ball circles and our team was certainly at its best. The resulting score was 0 to 0.

Owing to poor management and bad faith on the part of Auburn, Kendalville and Hartford City, no more games were played by our team until November 11. This period of inactivity tended to discourage the team, and practice was not kept up. Consequently when we met Auburn on the above date, we were not in the best of condition and were defeated 20 to 0. Mention of this game will be found on another page.

The best game of the season occurred on November 18, when Kendalville's strong city team played our team at League Park. Kendalville had an advantage of at least twenty pounds in weight, but the team work of our men easily overcame this handicap. The day

was an ideal one for foot ball and a large crowd was in attendance. Kendalville won the toss and kicked off. We made several good gains on end runs, but lost the ball on a fumble. Kendalville began rushing the ball and scored a touchdown within the first five minutes of play.

Full back Thomas kicked a goal. First half ended without further scoring on either side.

Second half: Fort Wayne secured the ball and made large gains by sending Thayer and Upmeyer around the ends. Thayer scored first touchdown for Fort Wayne amidst great excitement. Long won applause by kicking a very difficult goal. Thayer scored a second touchdown and Long again kicked a goal. Thirty seconds remained to play, but neither side scored. Final score 12 to 6 in our favor. Yells of all kinds from the regular "high school" to the rarely used freshman broke forth as soon as the game was finished. The only event that tended to lessen our enthusiasm, was the accident which happened to full back Drayer. He was the bottom man of a "down" in the second half and came out of it with a cracked clavicle. According to good authorities it was the best game ever played by a High School team in this city.

We were unable to secure a game for Thanksgiving, and consequently our season closed with a victory.



## The Sport's Lament.

---

Flunk, flunk, flunk,  
In the same old way, by Gee !  
And I would I could 'scape the sorrows  
My flunks have brought upon me.

Oh, well for the greasy grind,  
That he grubs o'er his Greek all day !  
Oh, well for the Sophomore,  
That he plugs on his Math. alway !

For exams. are fast coming on,  
And no work have I done this year;  
But O for the months I've spent with the girls,  
And the time I've put in drinking beer.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,  
'Twill sure be the finish of me !  
For in final exams. I'm bound to be plucked,  
Then from the Fac. I'll get the G. B.

## The Next Day.

---



THREE BOYS sat on the railing at the side entrance one morning discussing the chances of the day. Each had four recitations coming in one, two, three order. All had been out together the night before and were just realizing that they were up against it for the day.

One was a philosopher and was stoically determined to take his medicine without making a wry face. "I had my fun last night," he said, "and I'm willing to pay for it to-day."

Another was indifferent because a little matter of four straight flunks would make anything but a novel experience for him. The concern of the others seemed to amuse him however, for he said, "You fellows are dead easy. What will you care next Christmas whether you went up in the air to-day or not? Flunking is nothing when you're used to it."

The third was a schemer and an anarchist. "Well, excuse me," he said in reply to the flunker, "I don't care to get down on my back. But there's no use being called on when you have'nt your lesson, if you're foxy. You fellows just watch me to-day and you'll see a slick deal. A man of parts doesn't have to study every day." Then the bell rang.

That evening after school two boys sat on a bench in Swinney Park. Another came up on his wheel and threw it on the grass by the two already lying there. "Well," said the newcomer, "How did you boners get thro' the grind to-day? Reckon you didn't get called on all day, and all your worry was for nothing."

"I got called on," said the philosopher.

"I got called *down*," said the anarchist; "but how did you make it? Flunked normally, I s'pose?"

"Yes, the usual article. But you—you're so foxy, you know—did you say something about being called down?"

"Well, yes," rejoined the Law-Hater. "I had a slick scheme but it wouldn't slide. I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. I don't claim to be foxy any more and I'll be obliged if you'll never mention my foxiness again. It was like this. I got the butcher to telephone to the school house for me during the first hour. He called up the office and said my mother was sick and to send me home quick. The arbiter of our destinies sent for me and explained the matter. Then he looked at me a little funny and said, 'If you're not back in ten minutes I'll have to make inquiries about your mama's health.' Well, I walked around the square and came back, and as I've said, I don't make any farther claims to craftiness. I've been carrying a low barometer all day."

"Well," said the philosopher, "it's all a matter of reputation. They get on to a fellow some way and then he can't work anything, for he is watched."

"How did you make it then?" said the wilted schemer.

"Why on my reputation I guess. Only got called on twice all day and both times it was review."

"What luck," said both the others.

"Yes it did seem lucky. And yet there was something in knowing the review," said the philosopher.





## Delta Sigma Nu.

---

FLOWER: Meteor Carnation.      COLORS: Olive Green and Wine.

OFFICIAL ORGAN—Delta Sigma Nu Quarterly.

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### CHAPTERS;

ALPHA—ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL—ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Founded 1893.

BETA—FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL—FORT WAYNE, IND.

Organized 1895.

GAMMA—ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY—DELAFIELD, WIS.

Organized 1897.

DELTA—PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL—PONTIAC, MICH.

Organized 1897.

EPSILON—DULUTH HIGH SCHOOL—DULUTH, WIS.

Organized 1899.

---

YELL—Ring! Chang! Bang!

Rip! Rah! Ru!

Fort Wayne High School,

Delta Sigma Nu.



WRIGHT, KAY & CO.  
DETROIT.







# Delta Sigma Nu.

## BETA.

### CHARTER MEMBERS.

|                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alfred Murray Cressler, '95.   | Ronald Randolph Purman, '97.    |
| John Jacob Stahl, '95.         | James Montgomery Hamilton, '95. |
| *Fred Morrison Gregg, '97.     | Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95.    |
| Frederick Barnett Shoaff, '95, | Donald McDonald, '95.           |
| Guy Reed Bell, '97.            | Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95.      |
| George Halliway Cressler, '96. | Frank Edwin Davis, '95.         |

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Hugh Glenn Keegan.   | Lee James Ninde.      |
| Harvey Edsall Crane. | Edward Tobias Reitze. |

### ALUMNI MEMBERS.

|                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Frank Edwin Davis.        | James Montgomery Hamilton.  |
| George Halliway Cressler. | Alfred Murray Cressler.     |
| *Fred Morrison Gregg.     | Charles Starr Brackenridge. |
| Ralph Emerson Chapin.     | Charles Kimball Foote.      |
| Donald McDonald.          | Charles Douglass Barrett.   |
| Asahel Jay Reed.          | Guy Reed Bell.              |
| Benjamin Rector Bell.     | Hugh Worthington Croxton.   |
| David V. Jones.           | Walter Henshaw Crim.        |
| Ronald Randolph Purman.   | George Perry McDonald.      |
| Joseph Aldrich Bursley.   | Philip Everett Bursley.     |
| John Jacob Stahl.         | Charles Simpson Hanna.      |
| Frederick Barnett Shoaff. | Harry Alfred Hattersley.    |

### ACTIVE MEMBERS,

|                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Walter Aldrich Barrett, '00. | Carl Bradlaugh Woodworth, '03. |
| Andrew W. S. Ellison, '01.   | Guy Walter Hamilton, '01.      |
| William Page Yarnelle, '02.  | Alexander Paul Wood, '01.      |
| Raymond Hanson Barrows, '01. | William Washburn Nutting, '03. |
| Carl Frederick Diether, '01. | Edward Francis Lukens, '03.    |

Hugo Schlatter, '01.

\*Deceased, February, 1900.



# The Pedro Club.

---

COLORS : Pink and Silver.

FLOWER : Pink Rose.

YELL—What's Trump.

## MEMBERS.

Elizabeth Evans.  
Sinclair Hattersley.  
Katherine Walton.  
Clara O'Rourke.  
Clara Hull,  
Clara Porter

Alice Foster.  
Anna Newton.  
Ella McCullough.  
Hilda Lane.  
Clara Owen.  
Almana Beebe.

---

# Brown Eyed Susans.

---

COLORS : Yellow and Brown.

FLOWER : Brown Eyed Susan.

MOTTO : Have a good Time.

## OFFICERS.

Esther McDonald, President.

Lura Fee, Editor.

## MEMBERS.

Esther McDonald.  
Edith M. Philley.  
Jessie B. Reitze.

E. Della Rossell.  
Adelaide Diether.  
G. Lura Fee.

## Six G's Cooking Club.

---

FLOWER : Red Carnation.

COLORS : Red and White.

### MEMBERS.

Almana Beebe.

Anna Biddle.

Alice Foster

Ella McCullough.

Anna Newton.

Clara O'Rourke.

Verva Graff.

---

## Pi Kappa Phi.

---

Organized July 8, 1899.

COLORS : Chocolate Brown and White.    MOTTO: "Eat, Drink and be Merry."

### OFFICERS.

W. Page Yarnelle, President.

Francis H. Williams, Vice-President.

J. Stuart Ainslie, Treasurer.

Roy K. P. Tigar, Secretary.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

W. Page Yarnelle, '02.

Francis H. Williams, '03.

William W. Nutting, '03.

Roy K. P. Tigar, '02.

J. Stuart Ainslie, '02.

Frank E. Bohn, '02.



## Knights of Labor?

---

BEVERAGE : Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MOTTO : "Labor always brings its reward."

### OFFICERS.

Grand Master Bolter—Kellar.

Most Worthy Flunker—Ellison.

Most Eminent Authority on Snaps—Drayer.

### LESSER AUTHORITIES.

|           |            |             |        |
|-----------|------------|-------------|--------|
| Hamilton. | Woodworth. | Parry.      | Olds.  |
| Hopkins.  |            | Rothschild. | Jones. |
|           | McLain.    | Tigar.      |        |

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## High School Curiosity Club.

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|                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| "Tubby" Rothschild..... | The Fat Man        |
| Alvin Lewellen.....     | Tom Thumb          |
| George Dick.....        | The Ten Foot Man   |
| Robert Fleming.....     | "Baby"             |
| Marion Miller.....      | Hercules           |
| Alex Olds.....          | The Trained Monkey |
| Roy Tigar.....          | The Wild Animal    |

# Senior "Chem" Club.

---

MOTTO: "ON PUNGENT ODORS WE REVEL."

COLORS: Blue (blew) up.      FLOWERS: "Wish we had some."

## ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Carl Upmeyer.

Albert Krueper.

Charles Beall.

Walter Jones.

George Dick.

Fred. Huston.

---

## M. f. A.

---

COLORS: Yellow and Green.

FLOWER: Dandelion.

MOTTO: "ALL FOR FUN."

## MEMBERS.

Hazel Whitaker.

Myrtle Wilding.

Carina Banning.

Bessie Jones.

Agnes Miller.

Ethel Saylor.

## *The "Curls" Club.*

---

Meets every day in front of the mirror.

### OFFICERS.

Grand Mogul, Carl Upmeyer.

Keeper of Curling Irons, Hair Tonic, Etc., Nelson McLain.

### MEMBERS.

Wagenhals.

Coleman.

Comincavish.

Upmeyer.

McLain.

Williams.

Wright.

Bash.

Pierce.

---

## *Delta Pi.*

---

FLOWER : Chrysanthemum.

COLORS : Orange and Black.

Organized in 1898.

### CHARTER MEMBERS.

Baron H. Long, '01.

Hugh M. Smaltz, '01.

Guy A. Smith, '01.

Carl H. Upmeyer, '00.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Guy A. Smith, '01.

Paul Hopkins, '01.

Hugh M. Smaltz, '01.

Charles G. Alderman, '01.

Victor N. Nussbaum, '01.

Carl H. Upmeyer, '00.

### ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Baron H. Long, '01.

Arthur S. Hibbins, '01.

Charles F. Thayer, '00.

## Prof's Eating Club.

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### OFFICERS.

Head Chef, Mr. Crowe.

Head Seasoner, Mr. McMillen.

### MEMBERS.

Mr. McMillen.

Mr. Shultze.

Mr. Lane.

Mr. Crowe.

We have among our faculty

A jolly little set.

And when they get to swapping lies

They have some fun, you bet.

They bring their dinners daily.

In a shiny little pail,

And meet to cook and jolly

In the basement of the "jail."

To secure the joy of lying,

Without the fear of stricture,

And of smoking to their heart's content

The pure Arcadian mixture.

Of course, this is a secret,

And you mustn't let it out;

But I heard it from a Prof. who'd quit

Because he had the gout.

---

## Delta Sigma Nu Sisters.

Organized May 10, 1900.

Georgiana Lura Fee.

Alice May Fitch.

Hazel Blanche Pearse.

Flora Wilhelmina Peters.

Grace Martha Smith.

Emma Della Rossell.

Clara O'Rourke.

Jessie Belle Reitze.

Esther McDonald.

Edith Rebecca Hughes.

Elinor Bond.

Elizabeth Morris Evans.

Louise Bond.

Adelaide Amelia Diether.

Edith May Philley.

Sinclair Hattersley.



## “The Expedition of the Dewey.”

---



ONE COLD rainy morning last November, a crowd of twenty bright young men started from Fort Wayne for Auburn in a bus, drawn by four horses. They carried heavy white (?) suits and long overcoats with them, and were in every way equipped to withstand the intense cold of the far north. It is said that they used the suits for another purpose when they reached their destination, and this probably explains the appearance of the young men when they returned. Some say that the atmosphere of the bus was very bad, due to the driver's indulgence in the vile weed, but this story is discredited. A foraging committee was appointed to procure provisions enroute. It consisted of a long, thin gentleman, named Hamilton, and a short round man, called Keel. They performed their duties well, not only supplying the occupants of the bus with beef, pork, apples, pumpkins, corn, squashes, fence rails, turkeys, weeds, hay, etc.; but decorated the whole outfit in a very artistic manner.

After a journey lasting four hours they arrived at Auburn and dumb with cold, slowly and painfully descended from their conveyance. There was no great amount of joy expressed upon their arrival, but this was undoubtedly due to the formidable appearance they presented. They were allowed to hustle for themselves.

After eating what little dinner their meagre supply of currency would procure, and donning their "heavy suits" in a barn through which the November breezes passed unobstructed, they wended their way toward the east. Before arriving at a field in which there was a multitude of people, Auburnites and otherwise, they inquired what the "row" was. Immediately a crowd gathered about there, dragged them into the field and proceeded to "tear them up."

Now these young gentlemen carried about with them a small leather oval and the Auburnites at once took a fancy to it. After allowing the young men to dally with the oval

above mentioned, for a few minutes, they pounced upon them, kicked the resisting ones in the head, and proceeded to carry away the oval which they placed between two large upright posts. Every time they did this, they said it counted them five. The young men did not care to dispute this, but thought it all very strange. When the Auburnites grew tired and allowed the young men to return to the village, the score was 20 to 0.

Those of the young men who were still conscious, amused themselves by strolling about with certain young ladies who belong to a very exclusive organization. One young gentleman named Thayer tarried too long at the gate and the figures that his lower extremities described in the efforts to catch the bus, were beautiful in the extreme. Barret forgot (?) to tip the waiter at the restaurant, and as a result the waiter was about to take revenge on Barrows, when Gen. Jones by a clever flank movement, relieved the unfortunate young man.

The return home was enlivened by the singing of Jones and the antics of "Curly." Amidst all the tumult, the captain of this worthy crew, slept the sleep of the just.

## The Snow flakes.

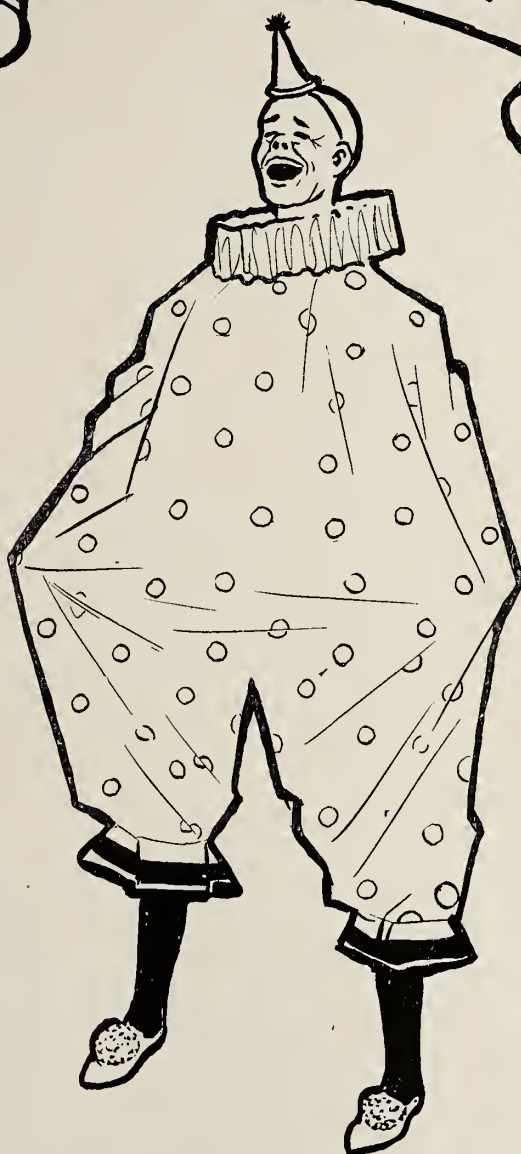
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Down from the sorrowing sky  
Come the snow flakes, pure and white.  
Fine they are and peacefully sweep  
Down upon the city; but in one brief night  
They lay over all a coverlet deep.

Falling upon the frozen earth,  
They cover the fields so drear and bare,  
And, also, the highways bleak and brown.  
Slipping softly and quietly through the air,  
They cover alike the country and town.

Hiding earth's sharp angles,  
They make things take a shape so queer,  
Make trees outstretch to us long white arms,  
So that the country seems not half so drear,  
When snow is on the hamlets and farms.

Like a dream it seems,  
When the snow its eneloping has done,  
And has freed the earth from each scar and stain,  
It recalls to one's memory the things long gone,  
And brings them before us again.





## High School Dictionary of Slang.

---

Bird, Corker, Loola, Peach, n. Something extra fine.

Booze, n. Liquor.

Broke, a. Without money.

Buggy, Cracked, Daft, Loony, Rocky, Tacky, Wheely, a. Not up to the standard.

Bum, n. A tramp.

Bump You, Freeze You, Jar You, Queer You, v. t. To provoke, annoy, astonish, etc.

Can, Fire, v. t. To send out of class.

Case, Crush, n. An attraction between a girl and a boy.

Cash, Dough, Glue, n. Money.

Cheap Skate, n. A person not liked.

Cheese It, v. t. To stop.

Choice Piece of Furniture, Warm member, n. A very fine girl.

Choke It, Ring Off, v. t. To keep still.

Cinch, Soft Snap, n. (1), Something easy, (2). A certainty.

Daisy, Dandy, a. Fine.

Diamond Lamp, n. A diamond.

Feed Your Face, v. t. To eat.

Flunk, v. t. To fail.

G. B., n. Grand Bounce.

Go-Bye, n. The cessation of active operations.

Grouchy, a. In a bad humor.

Guy, n. A dowdy looking person.

Hot Stuff, n. A very fine person.

Inside Track, n. (1), Desired Information (2). A certainty.

It, n. A nonentity.

Jump One's Frame, v. t. (1) To ask for an explanation. (2) To Call to account.

Kid, n. A member of the class of 1903.

Knock One's Eye Out, v. t. To dazzle a person.

Mug, n. Face.

N. G., n. No Good.

Nit, adv. An emphatic no.

Off, On the Pork, a. Conceited.

On the String, To have, v. t. To jolly with a person.

Out of Sight, a. Just right.

Pony, n. A free translation.

Rubber, v. t. To look intently.

Skate, n. A good for nothing.

Stand In, n. A certainty.

Up Against It, To be, v. t. To be in hard luck.

Upper Story, n. The mind.

Wad, n. A roll of bills.

# The Eniauton.

VOL. I.

FORT WAYNE, IND., MAY 3, 1900.

No. 1.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this head, not exceeding seven lines in length, will be inserted free of charge. All exceeding seven lines, \$10.00 a line. Not more than one advertisement a week will be received from one person.

## LOST.

LOST—Some Brains. Finder will please return to M. A. Dalman.

## FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Old curling irons, crimpers, kids, hair tonic, etc., at a bargain.  
Carl H. Upmeyer.

FOR SALE—A pony. It is very gentle, and has been ridden but little.  
Junior Class.

FOR SALE—My complexion. Sold in 10 and 25 cent cans.  
Clara Porter.

FOR SALE—A crop of hair sufficient to stuff a good sized mattress.  
Archie Coleman.

FOR SALE—All odds and ends, all pieces of broken test tubes, and all other rubbish in our Laboratory drawers. For sale cheap.  
Senior Chemistry Class.

FOR SALE—Cans of pork and beans, concentrated soups, etc.  
E. Cissel.

## FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A vacant upper story. Apply to  
Hugh Smaltz.

FOR RENT—Wheels. Are in good condition. Apply to  
Myra Pellens.

## WANTS.

WANTED—A good practice.  
Mattie Staub,  
Eye Specialist.

WANTED—Some effective anti-fat.  
Nellie Van Volkenburgh.

WANTED—A screen for bashfulness. Must be of good height.  
George Dick.

WANTED—A cure for giggling.  
Myrtle Wilding.

WANTED—Some one to comb my hair for me. Must be of a lazy disposition, like myself.  
Walter Hamilton.

WANTED—A set of tin soldiers.  
Robert Fleming.

WANTED—A baby carriage. Must be in good condition.  
Walter Barrett.

WANTED—Any old thing to go with.  
Nelson McLain.

WANTED—A stenographer who understands the taking of electrical dictation by High School teachers. Must be able to take at least 500 words a minute.

Class of 1900.

WANTED—A position as school teacher.  
Lura Fee.

WANTED—A cure for that tired feeling.  
Paul Hopkins.

WANTED—A new High School. Must be very large, well lighted and ventilated, and must be in a good location.  
High School Students.

WANTED—Every one to see the picture I have in my watch.  
Prest. Junior Class.

## PERSONAL.

I am a young girl. I am very pretty (in my own estimation), and have plenty of money. Would like some one to go with and to take me to parties. Sports need not apply. Address,  
Miss —, Class '02.

## ASCENDING THE SCALE

The wise Senior for fun  
Says a pipe 'saves his mun.



The dear Junior with pelf  
To cigars helps himself.



For our Sophmores so gay  
Cigarettes all the day.



For our Freshman so new  
This small bottle' will do.



## High School Mother Goose.

---

Little Walter Barrett,  
He sat in the garrett,  
Studying, a lawyer to be;  
But the thought him perplexed,  
As he studied his text,  
What in the world to do for a Fee.

Mistress Bond, of bank notes fond,  
How does your house-hold prosper?  
Pickled olives and beets,  
Sugar candies and Dietz,  
Makes the whole place resound with thy laughter.

Little Miss Myrtle,  
Sat on a turtle,  
Reading of gems rich and rare;  
And she thought best of all,  
Was the glistening O-Paul,  
For this, to her friends she'd declare.

Curly was a pretty boy,  
He got himself up slick,  
And went to call on his best girl,  
Who wanted his pet curl;  
Whereupon he left, double-quick.

---

## High School A. B. C.

---

**A** is for Alderman, who is largely a bluff,  
**B** is for Barrows, who is really hot stuff.  
**C** is for Cook, a freshman, you know,  
**D** is for Dick, who is exceedingly slow.  
**E** is for Ellison, who thinks he can fight,  
**F** is for Fleming, who is surely all right.  
**G** is for George, sometimes called "Pete,"  
**H** is for Hamilton, who is always asleep.  
**I** is for "Icabod," who dares not to speak,  
**J** is for Jones, a terrible freak.  
**K** is for Kellar, whose pranks are absurd,  
**L** is for Longacre, called "Smiles" I've heard.  
**M** is for Murray, who is good at foot ball,  
**N** is for Nussbaum, who is no good at all.

**O** is for Olds, who has often been fired,  
**P** is for Parry, who is always too tired.  
**Q** is for Quintus, who has a great aim,  
**R** is for Rothschild, of very great fame.  
**S** is for Smith, very often called "Gas,"  
**T** is for Tigar, whom we cannot let pass.  
**U** is for Upmeyer, "Curly's" his name,  
**V** is for Von Kahlden, who from Germany came.  
**W** is for Williams, funny to see,  
**X** is for his unknown quantity,  
**Y** is for Yarnelle, who isn't so bad,  
**Z** is for Zero, which we've all of us had.



# Statistics.

| NAME.                | AGE.                  | DESCRIP-<br>TION.       | AFFECTION-<br>ATE<br>TOWARD. | FAVORITE<br>PASTIME.   | CHIEF<br>VIRTUE.             | AIM IN LIFE.               |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Banning, Carina..... | 25                    | Very Muchly             | Young Men                    | Singing.               | Using Her<br>Mouth           | Lawyer                     |
| Mr. Lane .....       | Unknown               | Heavy                   | Class of '00                 | Giving the<br>G. B.    | Knowledge                    | Improve the<br>Gray Matter |
| Jones, Walter.....   | Pretty Young          | Tired                   | C. B.                        | Breaking<br>Test Tubes | His Walk                     | Dime<br>Museum             |
| Miss Kolb .....      | In Her Teens          | Charming                | Civil Gov't<br>Class         | Smiling                | Her Teeth                    | A Nurse                    |
| Wilding, Myrtle..... | Cute                  | Dumpy                   | O-pal                        | Giggling               | Cheerfulness                 | "To get big"               |
| Mr. Crowe.....       | 6                     | Kittish                 | Schultze                     | Making<br>Breaks       | Cleanliness                  | To get older               |
| Upmeyer, Carl.....   | 1 ½                   | Industrious?            | C. P.                        | Playing<br>Poker       | Non-<br>quietude             | Missionary                 |
| Miss Hamilton .....  | Uncertain             | Words Do<br>Not Suffice | Truth                        | Helping<br>Others      | Kindness                     | To do Good                 |
| Clark, Harry .....   | 60                    | Flat                    | Elocution                    | Reading                | His Voice                    | Public<br>Speaker          |
| Mr. Von Kahlden..... | 18                    | Jolly                   | Anything                     | Telling<br>Stories     | Overlooking<br>Wrong doers   | Find Hair<br>Restorer      |
| Saylor, Ethel.....   | Won't Tell            | Captivating             | C. D.                        | Piano<br>Punching      | Conscienti-<br>ousness       | Waitress                   |
| Dalman, Murray ..... | 2 Months              | Pretty                  | Dalman                       | Writing<br>Poetry      | None<br>Evident              | Prof.                      |
| Barrett, Walter..... | Kid                   | Flexible                | G. L. F.                     | Teasing                | Same as<br>Dalman's          | Bill Poster                |
| Pearse, Hazel .....  | Sweet 16 Etc          | Dollified               | Annapolis                    | Primping               | Innocence                    | To be<br>Married           |
| Smaltz, Hugh.....    | Not a<br>Bachelor Yet | Blonde                  | Class of '03                 | Walking                | Teaching<br>Sunday<br>School | Street<br>Cleaner          |
| Smith, Grace .....   | No One<br>Knows       | Weighty                 | A. P. W.                     | Talking                | Her Wool                     | K. M.                      |
| "Bondie".....        | Flippant              | Buzz-Saw                | German                       | Climbing<br>Trees      | Her Laugh                    | Old Maid                   |
| Yarnelle, Page ..... | Silly                 | Childish                | Girls in<br>General          | Mashing                | Same as<br>"Bondie's"        | Bum<br>Musician            |

# Statistics.

| NAME.                         | AGE.                  | DESCRIPTION.                | AFFECTION-<br>ATE<br>TOWARD. | FAVORITE<br>PASTIME.          | CHIEF<br>VIRTUE.       | AIM IN LIFE.          |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Wagenhals, Katherine.....     | 15                    | Not as Good<br>as She Looks | Mr. Lane                     | Drawing<br>Pigs               | Getting Her<br>Lessons | To go to<br>Shows     |
| Jones, Bessie .....           | 12                    | Just Right                  | G. P. D.                     | Whispering                    | Her Face               | Biscuit<br>Shooter    |
| Hilgemann, Harry .....        | Same as<br>Methuselah | Dutch                       | Clark                        | Talking<br>Politics.          | His Accent             | Politician            |
| Whitaker, Hazel .....         | Same as<br>Carl's     | Amiable                     | F. H.                        | Writing<br>Notes              | Her Eyes               | Housekeeper           |
| Longacre, Guy .....           | 9 Months              | Lanky                       | His Wheel.                   | Puttering                     | Smiling                | Preacher              |
| Huston, Fred.....             | 45                    | Dignified                   | New Haven                    | Same as<br>Hazel W.'s         | Scowling               | Bunco<br>Steerer      |
| Van Volkenburgh, Nellie ..... | ?                     | Needs<br>Thinning           | Brass<br>Buttons             | Tumbling<br>Down Stairs       | Falling<br>in Love     | Actress               |
| Hopkins, Paul .....           | Aged                  | Sleepy                      | "Dumpy"                      | Drawing                       | Stature                | Foot Ball<br>Player   |
| Tigar, Roy.....               | 3 Days                | Sloppy                      | No One                       | Fighting                      | Minus<br>Quantity      | Not to Work           |
| Foster, Alice .....           | 2 Weeks               | Short                       | Purdue                       | Reading<br>Cupid's<br>Romance | Her Hair               | To Enlongate          |
| Bond, Elinor.....             | 15 more<br>or less    | Will Bear<br>Watching       | "Fat"                        | Monkeying                     | Ask "Fat"              | Salvation<br>Army     |
| Rothschild, Charles .....     | Infant                | Tubby                       | His Pipe                     | Dancing                       | Blowing                | A Dude                |
| Lane, Hilda.....              | A Secret              | Command-<br>ing             | H. S. (High<br>School) Nit.  | Promenading                   | Nerve                  | A Nun                 |
| McLain, Nelson.....           | Just 2                | Telegraph<br>Pole           | His Looks                    | Admiring<br>Himself           | Freshness              | A Tramp               |
| Fee, Lura.....                | 5                     | Breezy                      | S. Wayne                     | Being the<br>K. M.            | Getting up<br>Late     | School<br>Teacher     |
| Porter, Clara .....           | Unaccount-<br>able    | Grouchy                     | W. Wash-<br>ington St.       | Making Love                   | Blushing               | Change of<br>Name     |
| Smith, Guy.....               | 4 Mos.                | Sickening                   | Artificial Ice               | Making<br>Slams.              | Has None               | Sing-Sing             |
| Hamilton, Walter .....        | Youthful              | Lazy                        | Fairfield Ave                | Taking it<br>Easy.            | His Hair               | Permanent<br>Location |

*Juniors Late in Life.*

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GUY SMITH.



CHARLES ALDERMAN.



WALTER HAMILTON.



ANDREW ELLISON.

*Juniors Late in Life.*

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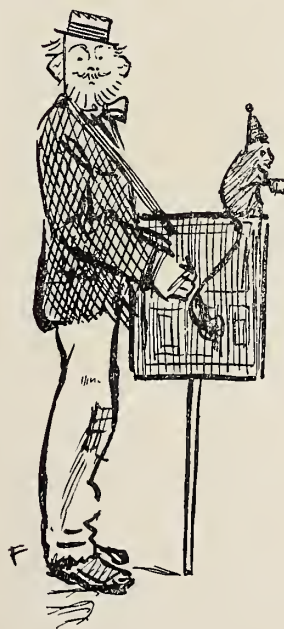
VICTOR NUSSBAUM.



CHARLES ROTHSCHILD.



PAUL HOPKINS.



GEORGE DRAYER.



# Shakespearean Mirror.

## SENIORS.

- Class : "Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest " Henry VI.  
W-lt-r J-n-s : "I do know him by his gait." Julius Caesar.  
G-rge D-k : "Thou but offen'st thy lungs to speak so loud." Merchant of Venice.  
M-rt-e W-l-d-ng : "Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again." Twelfth Night.  
M-rr-y D-lm-n : "Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, brags of his substance."  
Timon of Athens.  
E-th Z-k : "Tax not so bad a voice to slander music any more than once." Much  
Ado About Nothing.  
H-z-l W-ta-r : "She hath bless'd and attractive eyes." Midsummer Night's Dream.  
W-lt-r B-r-t : "I knew he was not in his perfect wits." Comedy of Errors.  
N-l-e V-n V—h : "I fear her not unless she chance to fall." Henry VI.  
E-h-l S-y-or : "Cunning in music and the mathematics." Taming the Shrew.  
C-a-a S-e-a-d ; "Thou can'st not read." Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
H-r-y C-a-k : "Hath got the voice in hell for excellence." Henry V.  
M-t-e S-a-b : "Gentle heavens, cut short all intermissions." Macbeth.  
G-y L-ng-re : "He does smile his face into more lines than there is in the new map."  
Twelfth Night.  
M-a P-l-e-s : "I am ignorance itself." Henry IV.  
H-r-y H-l-e-an : "The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes." Coriolanus.  
C-rl U-m-y-r : "Froward, peevish, sullen, sour and not obedient." Taming of the Shrew  
C-a-l-s B-a-l : "You can do very little alone; your abilities are too infant-like for doing  
much alone." Coriolanus.  
M-ry B-i-m-r : "You're meek and humble-mouth'd." Henry VIII.  
C-r-na B-n-i-g : "Never trust my judgment in anything." All's Well That Ends Well.  
M-r i-g B-y-t-ne : "You be so tardy." As You Like It.  
K-t e-i-e W-g-n-a-s : "Thou disputest like an infant." Love's Labor Lost.  
W-l-er J-n-s : "He shall never wake 'till the judgment day." Richard III.  
P-n-l-pe C-e-e-ts : "Not lean enough to be thought a good student." Twelfth Night.

## FACULTY.

- High School Piano : "Hence ! vile instrument." Cymbeline.  
Mr. L-ne "A breathing, valiant man, of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit." Henry VI.  
Miss J-y : "So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing." Much Ado About  
Nothing.  
Miss B-y-n : "I am as vigilant as a cat." Henry IV.  
Mr. C-o-e : "Here, there and everywhere." Troilus and Cressida.  
Miss H-m-l-on : "I am wealthy in my friends." Timon of Athens.  
Miss K-lb : "The appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass."  
Merry Wives of Windsor.

## JUNIORS.

Class : "There's small choice in rotten apples." Taming the Shrew.

Ch-l-es A-d-rm-n : "I know him a notorious liar, think him a great way fool." All's Well That Ends Well.

H-z-l P--r-e : "She is pretty and honest and gentle." Merry Wives of Windsor.

Hu-o S-hl-t-r : "You bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now?" Henry IV.

P-u- H-p-i-s : "Thou art inclined to sleep." The Tempest.

Cl-r- P-rt-r : "Behold how like a maid she blushes." Much Ado About Nothing.

R-b-rt F-e-i-g : "You have some strain of soldier in you." All's Well That Ends Well.

H-g- S-al-z : "Whose chin is but enrich'd with one appearing hair." Henry V.

Ch-l-s R-th-ch-ld : "A gross fat man—as fat as butter." Henry IV.

G-y S-i-h : "A rascally knave." Henry IV.

A-th-r Pa-y : "If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice." Love's Labor Lost.

W-lt-r H-m-lt-n : "Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain, though I show ill in't." Pericles.

An-r-w E-l-s-n : "Thou hast been all this time asleep." Julius Caesar.

J-n-or G-o-et-y C-a-s : "It would be argument for a week; laughter for a month." Henry IV.

M-r-on B-k-r : "In each cheek appears a pretty dimple." Venus and Adonis.

J-h-n G-t-e : "His big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble." As You Like It.

G-o-g-e D-a-er : "As swift as lead." Love's Labor Lost.

A-ah H-g-i-s : "Infected with the fashions." Taming the Shrew.

G-y S-i-h : "A very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders." Much Ado About Nothing.

L-u-se B-o-d : "Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature." Othello.

A-na N-w-on : "Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit." Love's Labor Lost.

H-z-l P-a-se : "You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock." Comedy of Errors.

## SOPHOMORES.

Class : "You blocks, you stones, your worse than senseless things." Julius Caesar.

A-t-r W-n-ng-o-f : "I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air." Julius Caesar.

R-y T-g-r : "He looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave." All's Well That Ends Well.

A-ex O-ds : "The youth's a devil." Twelfth Night.

P-ge Y-r-e-le : "Page is an ass, a secure ass." Merry Wives of Windsor.

N-l-on McLa-n : "Idle weeds are fast in growth." Richard III.

G-a-e S-i-h : "She hath more hair than wit, more faults than hairs." Two Gentlemen of Verona.

S-u-rt A-n-le : "I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy." Coriolanus.

E-i-h P-i-l-y : "I am a simple maid." All's Well That Ends Well.

A-i-e F-st-r : "To be so pestered with a popinjay." Henry IV.

E-th-r McD-n-ld : "I am weary; yea, my memory is tired." Coriolanus.

A-b-on K-l-ar : "Your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strong wedged up in a blockhead." Coriolanus.

S-n-l-ir H-t-e-s-ey : "Why, anything." Othello.

E-i-a-e-h E-a-s : "I will smile; I will do anything that thou wilt have me." Twelfth Night.

N-l-on McL-in : "Purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light." Cymbeline.

F-a-k T-o-p-on : "An ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone." Twelfth Night."

E-i-h T-g-e-er : "You are well fleshed." Twelfth Night.

#### FRESHMEN.

Class : "How green and fresh you are in this old world." King John.

M-l-r-d M-r-e-d : "Her wits, I fear me, are not firm." Measure for Measure.

D-v-d L-n-a-re : "Small curs are not regarded when they grin." Henry VI.

H-l-a L-ne : "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below." Hamlet.

E-i-r B-nd : "A well educated infant." Love's Labor Lost.

E-ma A-r-n-er : "Poor soul, she speaks in the infirmity of sense." Measure for Measure.

K-nt B-a-r : "His tongue is a stringless instrument." Richard II.

M-u-e J-m-s-n : "Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile ?" Julius Caesar.

D-l-a Ro-s-l : "Very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit nor invention." Love's Labor Lost.

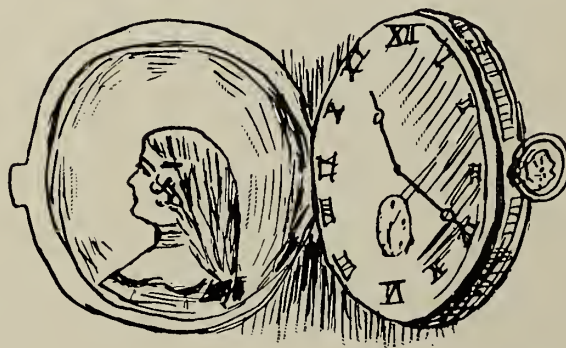
F-a-c-s W-l-i-ms : "An intolerable fright." Merry Wives of Windsor.

H-r-y G-n-y : "My salad days, when I was green in judgment." Antony and Cleopatra.

C-r-l W-o-w-r-h : "A peevish school boy." Julius Caesar.

M-r-an B-r-o-s : "Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?" Othello.

C-a-a O'R-u-ke : To be merry, best becomes you." Much Ado About Nothing.



## Victories of the Class of 1900.

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THE first noteworthy achievements of the class of 1900, were accomplished during its Junior year.

In the winter of 1899, The Northern Indiana Teachers' Association, held its annual convention at Fort Wayne. Its sessions were held in the Princess Rink. The Senior class of '99 concocted a brilliant (?) plan, which they attempted to execute twice; but they failed both times, principally because they did not take the class of 1900 into their confidence.

During the first night's session, the audience was much surprised to see a young man rise in a chair, umbrella in hand. With the hook of the umbrella he began to fish in the air. The question popped into all minds, "Can he be insane?" After fishing sometime, he succeeded in passing the umbrella hook through a noose in a string hanging in space. He gave a jerk and down came a bundle of cloth wrapped around a stick. A great sigh of relief went up, for he was not insane.

When the meeting had adjourned, two bold members of the class of 1900 captured the roll, which was a '99 banner, as they had conjectured. The timid lads of '99 dared make no attempt to recapture their pilfered banner, which was torn into strips and distributed among the other classes as a souvenir of this memorable occasion.

The next evening of the convention, the sharp-eyed members of the class of 1900, discovered another banner hanging in a conspicuous place. This banner looked as if it could not be taken down by any means whatever. But the sons of '00 put their heads together and hit up a plan to trail the Senior banner in the dust.

Two light boys were selected and sent over beams and rafters to where the flag was nailed. With sturdy kicks they loosened it, and as it unfurled, the members of '00 rushed forward and tore it from its fastenings.

After this the disheartened Seniors made no more attempts to outgeneral the class of '00.

The next victory of "The Only Class" was over all the other classes. It was planned



to have the class Relay Race on Field day. The '00 picked out four sturdy runners, and they prepared for victory or death. But the other classes knew that they would have no show, and so the Relay Team of 1900 was the only one to appear on the field.

In commemoration of this signal victory, the class of 1900 placed its colors above the clock in the big room. There, they would have remained, if Mr. Lane had not taken pity on the other classes and ordered the colors removed.

The next victory was scored chiefly over the class of '01. One night in June, two members of '00 determined that the "Crimson and Olive" ought to fly above the dome of the Fort Wayne High School. In the dead of night they scaled the walls, to place their banner on the flagstaff. Judge their surprise when they discovered a blue and red banner already there. Only the stars beheld this doughty deed. Next morning the sun shone upon the "Crimson and Olive" instead of the "red and blue," much to the surprise and chagrin of '01,

The graduation of '99 took place in a church, so that no tricks could be played on them there. But at the hop a fit emblem of '99, in the shape of a goose, was introduced. The goose was the hero of the hour, and everyone agreed, except '99, that it bore a remarkable resemblance to the graduating class.

"Good Old 1900" has never been aught but victorious, and may it never be aught else.



# Calendar.

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SEPTEMBER 11.

School opened in the same old place and the Freshmen were initiated into our midst.

SEPTEMBER 12.

First lesson in Chemistry results in "Curly" ruining his best trousers and stockings, besides increasing his vocabulary.

SEPTEMBER 13.

On account of yesterday's accident we see Upmeyer wearing those terrible bicycle stockings for a few days.

SEPTEMBER 14.

Thayer dons a new pair of Douglas boots, which are almost high enough to straighten the "bows."

SEPTEMBER 15.

Hamilton has his hair combed.

SEPTEMBER 18.

Seniors held their first class meeting, at which officers were elected.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Foot Ball team organized.

SEPTEMBER 20,

Prof. Von Kahlden dons a new black skull cap.



SEPTEMBER 21.

Agnes Miller wears her hair parted.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Clark preaches a sermon in reading class.

SEPTEMBER 23.

Foot ball team meets the South Waynes. Score, 12-0, favor F. W. H.S.



SEPTEMBER 26.

Charles Beall returns to our midst and we welcome him back.

SEPTEMBER 27.

Smaltz visits the Globe clearing sale,

SEPTEMBER 28.

Drayer puts his curious crop of hair on exhibition and several young ladies admire it.

SEPTEMBER 29.

Miss Pearse is sent home for admiring Mr. Lane.

SEPTEMBER 30.

Foot Ball team meets the Business College. Score, 16-0, favor F. W. H. S.

OCTOBER 3.

Smith is placed on the front seat in order that Mr. Lane may keep track of his correspondence(?)

OCTOBER 4.

Grand Barbecue opens and its effect is noticed on the attendance at school.

OCTOBER 5.

Drayer eats his dinner at Centlivre's Park.

OCTOBER 6.

Evans is absent to see "Nemo" buried.



OCTOBER 7.

Huntington Foot Ball Game. Score 0-0.

OCTOBER 9.

Every one laments that the barbecue is no more.

OCTOBER 10.

Drayer loses his popularity by getting his hair cut.

OCTOBER 11.

Rainy day—girls lose their curls.

OCTOBER 12.

Upmeyer goes to Chicago and returns with a foot ball outfit.

OCTOBER 13.

Mr. Lane is absent.



OCTOBER 16.

Smaltz tells us that Maple Avenue is the prettiest street in town.

OCTOBER 17.

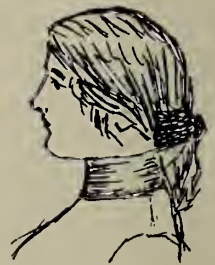
Mr. Lane hides Miss Rietze's hat and compels her to miss her "music lesson."

OCTOBER 18.

Walter Jones appears with a big necktie.

OCTOBER 19.

Barrett is in hard luck, being fired from three recitations.



OCTOBER 20.

Upmeyer dons his new foot ball suit and is initiated in League Park mud.



OCTOBER 23.

Seniors draw up the "Grand Remonstrance." Bessie Jones acts as K. M.

OCTOBER 24.

Hamilton and Hopkins have a dispute as to which is the lazier.

OCTOBER 25.

Hopkins is elected foot ball captain. Myrtle Wilding wears her first long dress.



OCTOBER 26.

Misses Fee and Becbe occupy the front seat.

OCTOBER 27.

Mr. Crowe goes to Chicago to see the Pennsylvania-Chicago foot ball game.

OCTOBER 31.

Juniors present Mr. Lane with bunch of Chrysanthemums as a birthday present. We wonder why.

NOVEMBER. 1.

Noticeable yawns and flunks as a result of last night's (Hallowe'en) dissipation.

NOVEMBER 2.

Great Small-pox scare.

SMALL-POX

NOVEMBER 3.

Miss Porter surprises us with a new bicycle skirt.

NOVEMBER 7.

Street paving in front of the school begins.

NOVEMBER 8.

House cleaning day in the laboratory.

NOVEMBER. 9.

Music by the street paving au | to | mo | bi | le.

NOVEMBER 10.

Evans gets a position as country school teacher.

NOVEMBER 11.

Foot Ball team goes to Auburn and returns defeated. Score, 20-0.

NOVEMBER 13.

Upmeyer wears a black eye as a result of the Auburn game.

NOVEMBER 15.

Diether after several months of experience, is now quite a successful sailor. (Saylor.)

NOVEMBER 16.

Vaccination has a bad effect on members of foot ball team.



NOVEMBER 17.

Everybody has to present their "diplomas" of vaccination in order to be admitted to the sacred precincts.

NOVEMBER 18.

Fort Wayne-Kendallville game. Score 12-6. Favor F. W. H. S.

NOVEMBER 20.

Foot ball season being over, the members of the team all have their hair cut.

NOVEMBER 24.

No school in afternoon on account of funeral of Miss Humphrey.

NOVEMBER 22.

Junior Geometry, English History, and Cicero classes stay after school. Smart Juniors.

NOVEMBER 23.

Miss Kolb needs another "Grand Remonstrance."

NOVEMBER 24.

Wagenhals gets a hair cut.

NOVEMBER 29.

We are entertained by a "Song of thanksgiving."

NOVEMBER 30.

Vacation.

DECEMBER 4.

School begins again and flunks are many.



DECEMBER 6.

McLain visits the Globe auction sale and bids in a large assortment of ties, collars, cuffs, etc., to be used as Christmas presents for his many friends.

DECEMBER 8.

First skating of the season. Mr. Wood receives a cold bath at the Reservoir.



DECEMBER 12.

Miss Foster, one of the infants, is stationed on the bench.



DECEMBER 15.

Hattersley and Yarnelle are initiated into the Delta Sigma Nu.

DECEMBER 20.

Senior exam. in Macbeth.





DECEMBER 21.

Christmas vacation begins.

JANUARY 2.

School begins again. We regret the absence of Chas. Thayer very much, and the Senior class thus loses a very prominent member.

JANUARY 3.

Seniors have quite a heated discussion at class meeting.

JANUARY 4.

Adah Higgins goes to sleep in school.

JANUARY 5.

Mr. Lane tells Adah Burdette that teachers will not stand impudence from pretty girls any longer than from any other kind.

JANUARY 6.

Eniauton staff have their pictures taken.

JANUARY 8.

Marion Baker dons a new suit.

JANUARY 10.

Mattie Staub nearly breaks her jaw on big words in Botany.

JANUARY 11.

A very slippery day. We were told on the Q. T. that our principal fell down the steps.

JANUARY 12.

Fred. Huston received three invitations to flunk and accepted all, and was dishonorably discharged by Miss Kolb.

JANUARY 15.

Pupils are wishing that the H. S furnaces were fed with gas, because of a break in main.

JANUARY 16.

Junior exams.

JANUARY 17.

Crowe breaks an expensive eudiometer in chemistry.

JANUARY 18.

Senior exam. in chemistry.

JANUARY 19.

Senior entertainment and dance at Son's of Columbus Hall.

JANUARY 22.

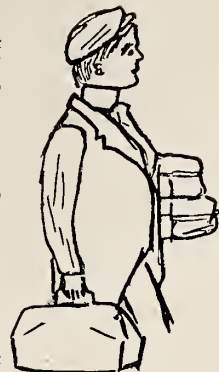
Smith gets fired from school.

JANUARY 23.

Mr. Miles gives the music class a lecture on the Hallelujah chorus.

JANUARY 24.

Bessie Jones returns after a long illness.



JANUARY 25.

Seniors fill out blanks showing amount of time spent in study.



JANUARY 26.

End of first half.

JANUARY 29.

The new Freshies arrive.

JANUARY 30.

The Seniors receive their class pins.

JANUARY 31.

The boys appear in sweaters on account of the cold weather.

FEBRUARY 1.

Numerous explosions occur in laboratory.

FEBRUARY 2.

Weather moderates and promenades are again resumed.

FEBRUARY 5.

Vacation in honor of General Lawton, whose remains lie in state at the Court House.

FEBRUARY 6.

What is going to happen, Alderman didn't flunk in Geometry?

FEBRUARY 7.

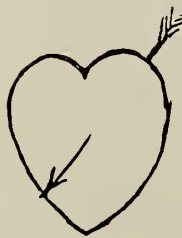
"Shakespeare" disperses the Junior "concert class."

FEBRUARY 9.

During unusual commotion the stove pipe falls during Civil Gov't recitation.

FEBRUARY 12.

New doorsills are put in.



FEBRUARY 13.

We wonder where Mr. Crowe got his new suit.

FEBRUARY 14.

Many evidences of St. Valentine's Day.

FEBRUARY 16.

The bench is filled with Juniors.

FEBRUARY 19.

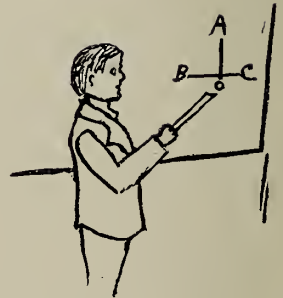
Seniors begin to receive their proofs.

FEBRUARY 20.

Mr. Lane gives Agnes Miller a lesson in Chemistry.

FEBRUARY 21.

Miss Kolb informs the Senior class that it is the noisest class she ever taught.



FEBRUARY 22.

Because of the patriotism (?) of the School Board, we remain in school all day.

FEBRUARY 23.

Hugo's first experience on the bench.

FEBRUARY 27.

Fleming is fired on account of his giggle.

FEBRUARY 28.

The heaviest snow fall of the season.



MARCH 1.

A figure of grace. C. Rothschild in high rubber boots.

MARCH 2.

A number of High School pupils enjoy a sleigh ride to New Haven.

MARCH 5.

Nellie Van Volkenburgh appears in a new silk waist.

MARCH 6.

Pungent fumes from the laboratory prevade the building.



MARCH 7.

Tigar gets a hair cut.

MARCH 8.

Mr. Lane visits the laboratory.

MARCH 9.

Juniors give a very delightful dance and reception in honor of the Seniors.

MARCH 12.

Question of the day, "When will the Eniauton be out?"

MARCH 13.

Mr. Lane gives the Vergil class a few pointers on poker.

MARCH 14.

Two lady visitors wander into the Assembly room.

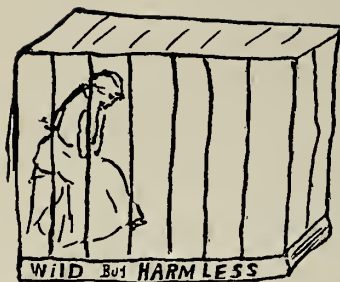
MARCH 15.

Senior exam. in Botany.

MARCH 16.

Mr. Crowe fills the building with coffee fumes.





MARCH 19..

Mr. Schultze informs the Senior Botany class that Mildred Muirhead is a wild but harmless creature.

MARCH 20.

Mr. Wood sports a new tie.

MARCH 21.

Hydrogen Sulphide nearly annihilates the Senior class.

MARCH 22.

Almana Beebe looks stunning in her new suit and tan shoes.

MARCH 23.

Many promenaders are late as a result of fine weather.

MARCH 26.

History pupils take it easy on account of the prolonged absence of Miss Kolb.

MARCH 27

School closes for the rest of the week on account of Teacher's Convention at Logansport.

MARCH 28.

The Eniauton goes to press.

## College Pranks in Germany.



O NOT think that the students of the universities in Germany have no pastime besides their books, I, at least, can tell you a few things that have very little to do with book-learning. In a small university town in the southern part of Germany, there was a park. In about the center there was a little artificial pond, in the middle of which stood a fountain in the shape of a statue of Neptune. Every night the water was all let out of the basin. All around this pond

was a beautiful walk which was used a great deal early in the morning by people who drank the waters. Towards fall, when the nights began to grow colder, we pitied the poor old Neptune, and were afraid that he might catch cold, as he was clothed in nothing but his trident. So one night, when it was quite dark, and it was easy to get to the old man without wetting our shoes, we paid him a visit, and, in order to protect him from the rheumatism, we put a nice long night-shirt on him. There must have been quite a commotion near the pond the next morning. But, since it was full of water, the park policeman did not care to risk his constitution, and before the water could be turned off and Neptune undressed again, it was high noon, and at least four-fifths of the inhabitants of the town had paid him a visit.

There was one of the park policeman that we did not like at all. At every opportunity he tried to arrest us when we really hadn't done anything. So one night we decided to play a trick on him. In the same park there was another pond quite large and very deep. This pond belonged to his beat. We dressed up a dummy, and after we had ascertained where the policeman stood, we approached the pond from the other side. Then we began to quarrel. Our voices grew louder and louder, until the policeman was drawn to the side of the pond opposite us. He began to expostulate with us; but we paid no heed. Then suddenly, after a few more violent words, we threw the dummy into the water. He sank immediately. One of us cried out, "O! what have we done!" And then we fled in every direction. It took the policeman over two hours to rescue the drowning.



## The Jacqueminot Rose.

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ALL came about because two valuable slaves of Gen. Jacqueminot had been stolen by Jean Bordeaux's overseer. Jean had promised to bring up from the coast the two slaves which the General had bought; but important business of his own prevented Jean from leaving the coast before dark. It was too late to start for the General's then, so he resolved to spend the night at one of the hotels on the coast.

Late in the evening the sea sent a delightful breeze over the island of San Domingo. The heat had been oppressive all day, and as Jean had been extremely busy, he was very tired. He lit a Havana and started out for a short stroll to enjoy the cool air.

He had not gone far when he came upon two men with drawn swords. He tried to prevent them from fighting, and in so doing was struck on the head by one of the men. He fell swooning, and it was several days before he was able to leave his bed. All thoughts of the two slaves had slipped his mind, until he was able to walk around again.

When he sent for the overseer with whom he had left the slaves, no trace of overseer or slaves could be found until finally Jean came upon a planter whom he knew. He told him about his loss and asked him if he had seen anything of them. The planter said that he had seen Jean's overseer go aboard a vessel bound for the Southern States and Canada. He supposed that Jean had sent the two slaves under the overseer to be sold in the Southern States.

Jean was worried; for the slaves of the General who had escaped were very valuable, and the General bought them to care for his plantation in place of two other slaves who had died from fever. Furthermore, the General had been unable to get slaves to take their places until a trader, after much trouble, had succeeded in getting the two which Jean was to bring up from the coast. He knew the General would be angry and dreaded to face him, but it was necessary. He left the coast very much in despair, for he knew that the General would not forgive him for losing his slaves, there was no chance of his marrying the woman whom he loved—Marguerite Jacqueminot.

When Bordeaux went to the General and told him about the loss, the old gentleman, as Jean had expected, was extremely angry. Jean offered to pay for the slaves, but the General scorned the money and said that money could not replace the slaves. He said that he had no business to interfere in street brawls; that he would not have such a good-for-nothing fellow in his family; that he should give up all thought of marrying his daughter and never set foot on his plantation again.

Just as the General had gotten this far in his angry speech, the two men heard a light merry laugh as Marguerite Jacqueminot came up from the lawn and sat down upon the broad veranda with the colored baby Leon in her arms. He was a baby about two years old, quick and talkative, very small and frail. His quaint grown up talk amused Marguerite, as she held him in her arms. Her large brown eyes sparkled with mirth, her cheeks were crimson and a gentle wind blew a countless number of soft brown curls about her forehead. She was indeed a picture.

She did not know that two pairs of eyes were fixed upon her—those of her father and her lover, Jean Bordeaux. The old General turned and saw the admiration which was plainly written on the young man's face. He angrily told the young man to go. Jean left the General's office by a door on the side of the house, opposite to the veranda. He rode down a narrow lane so Marguerite could not see him.

After he had ridden about a mile, he came up to the main road, which led to his plantation. As he rode along the road he tried to become interested in the things about him—the trees, cotton, fields, birds, but he couldn't; his mind would turn to only one subject—Marguerite Jacqueminot. What would she think when she learned about his quarrel with her father? Would she love him or would she also be angry with him? The young man was overwhelmed with grief.

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He was overjoyed. Had the General, who had always made a point of keeping his word relented, and was this the reason why he had received an invitation to the ball to be given at the General's? He came to the conclusion that the General must have relented. This made him all the more glad, because he could now meet Marguerite.

Several days before the ball he got out his finest clothes, and when the eventful evening came, had his hair powdered and wore diamonds in the great buckles of his shoes. When he arrived at the General's, his graceful carriage and fine features made him a great favorite. He had a very good time and danced many dances with Marguerite.

The General was not present. Jean asked where he was. Marguerite said that an old friend of his had died and that he had been sent for. Jean was worried, because, probably

after all the General did not know that he was at the ball, and he feared that he had not forgiven him; but, that Marguerite not yet knowing about the quarrel, had sent the invitation. He asked her who had sent it. She said she had. He told her about the quarrel and the reason of it, and said that he had better go so as not to cause any trouble if the General came home. But Marguerite did not think that her father would do him any harm and would not hear of his going. To please her he stayed. Fortunately for Jean the General did not return before he went away. When he left the General's Marguerite said that she would never love nor marry anyone but him.

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Many secret letters, carried by faithful servants, were sent back and forth by the lovers. Often after her father had gone to bed, Marguerite, accompanied by her "Mammy" would meet Jean in her father's garden, near a great Louis Quinze rose bush.

One night after the General had gone to bed, he woke up with a high fever. He rang for one of his servants to get him a drink of water; but he did not come, so he called Marguerite. He received no answer from her.

He went down stairs and walked up and down the broad veranda, but still his fever would not leave him. Finally he left the veranda and walked toward his garden. As he drew near the Louis Quinze bush he heard voices; they were those of Marguerite and Jean.

He had told Jean never to come upon his plantation again, and now he found him secretly meeting his daughter whom he had told Jean never to speak to again. The General's violent temper was aroused. He rushed back to the house and got his sword. Then he hastened back to the Louis Quinze bush and ordered Jean to prepare to defend himself. Jean refused. Whereupon the old man drew his sword, struck at him, and pierced him through the heart. Jean fell dying, and his blood sank into the ground near the roots of the Louis Quinze bush.

The next morning the news was spread abroad that the General and Jean Bordeaux had had a duel, and that the young man was killed. In the meantime the General had ordered the Louis Quinze rose bush to be cut down.

---

Marguerite laughed no more. Her laughing eyes grew sad and often were blood-shot with weeping. When frail baby Leon saw his mistress in trouble, he refused to leave her. When his "Mammy" tried to take him away, he would scream and beg Marguerite to take him. At first Marguerite refused; but relenting, she let him stay with her. He even refused to be taken away from her during the night.

He would sit on her lap trying to comfort her with his wise little words. She listened, but laughed no more at the baby's words; for she knew that they were not the words of an ordinary baby, but those of a spiritual child. When she would cry the baby would gently sob.

Marguerite tried to have him taken away from her; he was so frail to grieve so. She would have him out in the sunshine among the other children, but he cried so pitifully when they took him away, and refused to be comforted, that she let him stay with her.

---

One bright morning Marguerite did not appear with the frail baby pattering by her side. It was nine, ten, then eleven o'clock, and yet Marguerite and the baby did not appear. The General was worried; he walked back and forth nervously on the veranda. At last he could stand it no longer. He sent one of the servants to see why Marguerite did not come down. When the servant went to Marguerite's room and quietly pushed the door open, she found Marguerite with frail baby Leon curled up on her arm, both asleep never to wake again.

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Many weeks had passed after Marguerite and baby Leon had died, when one day a servant came to General Jacqueminot and told him that the strong roots of the Louis Quinze bush had sent up new shoots and that one of these bore a single velvety, crimson rose, in place of its own pink roses.

When the servant asked if he should cut it down, the aggrieved father said: "No, God sent the rose, let it grow."



## Vacation Sorrows.

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Vacation came, and then, alas !

Two weeks they must be parted;  
As he held her hand and said good-bye,  
He seemed quite broken-hearted.

The relentless engine whistled shrill,  
"All aboard," the train-man cried;  
The lingering clasp was still retained,  
And audibly he sighed.

The conductor passed that way just then,  
And paused beside the train;  
He grimly smiled as he remarked—  
"Hurry up; you hold the train."

A roguish friend who stood close by,  
Thus to add could not refrain—  
"Something I knew was being held,  
Didn't know it was the train."

## Because She Advised Him So.

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

I.



ALFRED HAVERSON sat down one evening, about a week before his graduation, to answer a letter. It was one he had lately received from an uncle offering him a situation with an eastern firm, of which his uncle was a member. He knew this would be an excellent start in business, and as he was nearly nineteen years old, and ambitious to get at his vocation early, he felt strongly tempted to accept this offer. Still, something made him hesitate; he had been thinking for some time of taking the Post Graduate course, although, to tell the truth, he could not persuade himself that it was simply for the sake of an extra year of schooling. He knew that if he went away he would not be likely to return soon; perhaps years might pass before he came back, and this thought brought before him a picture that he would have to lose sight of—she was a charming junior whose name was Constance Merrill. He asked himself whether he would not miss her; whether she might ever miss him. Yes, he really cared a great deal for this pretty maid, so much so that the idea of parting with her made him disconsolate. “Besides,” he argued to himself, as he glanced up at her picture on his mantle, “I ought to take at least one more year at school before settling down to business. What is more essential to the modern business man than a broad education?” In this strain he wrote his uncle, thanking him and adding that he hoped the position would be open to him the following year.

The next morning Alfred started early to high school, intending to mail the letter he had written the night before. He was thinking of Constance, and, hoping to meet her on the way to school. He walked in the direction from which she usually came, just as he had often done before. He was anxious to find out, if possible, what she would think of his noble determination.

He soon met her. She wore her usual sweet smile, and looked as fresh and fair as did that June morning. Indeed, the two of them made a pleasing pair as they strolled contentedly towards school.

"I suppose you are glad your turn has come to graduate, Alfred?" she asked.

"Delighted," replied he, watching to see how she would take this answer.

"Of course, you must be. Who wouldn't?" she said enthusiastically.

He did not share the same enthusiasm at this response. He wanted her to be sorry to see him leave school. Pulling out of his pocket the letter to his uncle, he told her all about it, and then asked her whether she did not approve of the course he took.

"Why do you ask for my approval?" she inquired sweetly.

"Because I am rather inclined to take your advice," he replied with confidence.

Constance blushed. She appeared more lovely to him than ever before, and his heart beat in an unusual manner as he awaited her reply.

"Then," she said after a moment, "I must be careful to advise you rightly. You are about to graduate with a high record, and have a fine opportunity offered you for a business career. Accept it."

Alfred's disappointment precluded his seeing the well-meant reasoning in her words. "So she cares no more for me than she would for any passing school acquaintance," mused he. Then aloud, "You seem anxious to have me part with—with my old school mates."

She blushed deeply, as if beginning to perceive what he was "driving at."

Just then they were met by Walter Korner, an impertinent young Junior, who sat next to Constance in school, and who, for that reason, was looked upon by Alfred with mistrust.

Constance, perhaps willing to change the subject, gave Walter an encouraging smile, and he joined them, much to the vexation of Alfred.

Alfred's letter was not mailed that morning. He wrote another instead, warmly thanking his uncle for the proffered situation. "I will come as soon as school is over," he wrote. "Am eager to get down to business, and would be mad to let such an opportunity as this slip through my hands!"

He had a heavy heart the rest of the week, and determined to try to avoid meeting Constance again. He might see her once, perhaps, just to say farewell; but even that was not really necessary. Why could not Walter Korner, as a favor, do that for him? However, he did see her again; it was on Commencement evening. Impressed with the sensations of a graduate who has just passed through the valediction ceremonies, he was mingling among the visitors, receiving the good wishes of his acquaintances there. The buzz of voices and the smiling faces all around roused his spirits, for he was pleased to know that this happy gathering was all in honor of the graduates; but where was Constance? Just then he beheld her coming toward him.

"Good evening, stranger," said she, holding out her hand to congratulate him. There was a sweet look of reproach in her large, bright eyes.

With a lingering hope that "she really didn't want to see him go away, after all," he led her to an alcove.

"Would you care to know how I have taken the advice you gave me the other day?" he asked seriously.

She in her turn became serious, as she replied, "Yes, but I trust you haven't put too much dependence on my poor advice."

His heart beat a little faster, and he felt hope returning, "I expect to leave the first of the week," he said gravely.

"Didn't you mail that letter, then?" she asked with a look of surprise.

"No."

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "I'm glad I advised you so, because I think it best for you."

For the second time the soundness and sincerity of her advice were lost on Alfred. He felt only the keen disappointment of receiving no encouragement to stay. His last hope was gone, and when they parted that evening, it was for good.

## II.

Months passed by. Alfred soon became experienced and useful in the business of his firm. He began to realize the seriousness and responsibilities of one entering into manhood; in fact, he had left his youth behind when parting from his old home—and from Constance. Did he still think of her? Yes, many times the memory of that pretty flower—whose image had sunk so deeply into his heart that he still believed none other could take her place—made him sad. He often questioned the justice of the spirit in which he went away, and asked whether it would not have been selfish in her to tell him to remain at home, even if she wanted him to do so. Then he recalled her words on the night of the Commencement: "I'm glad I advised you so, because I think it best for *you*."

Alfred was looked upon by his uncle as a bright young man, of much promise in the business; and one day, late in spring, he was greatly elated at being appointed Assistant Manager of one of the western branches of the company.

He was soon stationed at his new post, and now had his own business card, on which his name read: "Alfred T. Haverson, Ass't. Mgr." Looking at this card one day with a certain feeling of pride, the thought of Constance came into his mind. It occurred to him that, had it not been for her, he might not now have been in the position he held. How he longed to tell her how foolish he felt for having left her in that manner! No word passed between them since he had gone away, and he was ashamed to sit down and write her a letter, after all these months. Finally, a queer idea entered his head. He would mail her one of his business cards; that would explain to her his whole story more eloquently than anything else he could think of. This he did, half expecting that she in return might write him a little note.



at least, telling how "perfectly delighted" she was to know of his good fortune. But no word came; and the old feeling of disappointment came back to him. Then he wondered why he had sent that card at all. She probably looked upon it as a good joke, and told Walter Korner, or somebody else, about it !

One day early in June he found among his mail a plain, square envelope addressed to "Mr. Alfred T. Haverson, Ass't Mgr." He knew by the postmark where it was from, and opened it with a slightly nervous hand. It was an invitation from Constance to attend her graduation—that was all ! His heart fairly gave a bound, and a glad smile lit up his handsome face. He would go.

He found her more dear and beautiful than ever; and the hearts of these two young lovers—for it was a mutual affair—were gladdened when they met again. Yes, Alfred and Constance were together very often while his visit lasted.

They were out riding one afternoon. Speaking of old times, Alfred asked her why she had advised him to go away (he forgot that he had already asked the same question a dozen times before.)

A familiar line came into her mind, and there was a laughing twinkle in her eye as she murmured: "Because she loved him so."

## Recessional.

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(1900.)

School of our fathers, known of old—  
School of our four years battle lines—  
Beneath whose sacred roof was held  
Dominion o'er our weak designs—  
Well may our tutors watch us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The seniors and P. G's. depart—  
But th' old walls still above us rise  
(Where shall we find their counterpart?)—  
O may our tutors watch us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our classmates melt away  
In cities or in country-sides—  
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday  
Within their buried youth subsides!  
O well if we yearn for knowledge yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with the sight of greater views  
Than those familiar 'round our school,  
The memory of this spot we lose,  
Neglect our learning, play the fool—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For Freshman heart that puts her trust  
In th' sacred halls we leave behind,  
There are treasures there which never rust  
And seeds which bud on the spreading vine.  
We've found them, and we can't forget  
Their essence yet—O no, not yet!

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Nellie Van Volkenburgh (to two boys): "I am not soft. Of course you don't know, but I'm not."

Mr. Crowe (to Hugo in the midst of strong and terrible fumes): "Hugo, have you the headache?"

Hugo Schlatter: "No, I feel sea sick."

Mr. Lane (to Cicero Class): "What does alios—alios mean?"

Class: "Some—others."

Hamilton (translating): "He loved some others."

A Senior: "Say Pa, be sure and buy my graduation present at Dallas F. Green's."

Dalman: "If there ever was a more awkward way, I never saw it."

Mr. McMillen: "Did they have a court that sat all over Massachusetts?"

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### STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

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Almana Beebe (translating): "That man Decimus looks like ten cents."

Miss Kolb: "For what three reasons can a congressman be arrested?"

Grace Benoy: "Treason, felony and breach of promise."

Blanche Tinkham: "Take 20 grams of concentric sulphuric acid."

May Fitch (translating) "The wagon rolls around the corner."

Miss Kolb: "If they brought a carload of Chinese to San Francisco and they wanted to vote, what would they do?"

Chas Beall: "They could'nt bring them."

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Named Dalman, whose cheek and whose brass,  
And awful conceit with which he's replete,  
Makes every one think him an —.

Carl Upmeyer. "Golgotha was a great battle or something in the Bible.

Charles Thayer. "It had no power to enforce the recommend."

Myrtle Wilding. "Not more than two or less than seven."

Mr. Lane (to Hamilton): "Walter, take notice and bear in mind that it was Cicero's "tireless industry" that made him famous.

Miss Stevens: "How did the girl look who came in last."

Harry Clark: "Sassy."

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Miss Jay: "Jessie what is the shape of the moon?"

Jessie Parry: "It's as long as it is broad."

Ralph Murray (translating): "Hecate, whose name is shouted through cities where three ways meet by night."

Upmeyer: "What would the House do?"

Miss Kolb: "Fire him."

There's a little boy on the Eniauton staff,  
His very appearance would make you laugh;  
He cannot spell, he cannot write,  
Poor little fellow, he cannot fight.  
If he saw a mule he'd surely scare it,  
Perhaps you know him, his name is Barrett.

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Adah Burdette: "Take this proportion by alteration."

Coleman: "Similar figures are those which have equal angles and the sides lying opposite equals are homologous."

Mr. Lane (to Alderman): "You talk like a simple-minded child."

Freshman (to Senior): "What was that smell that came up from laboratory this morning?"

Senior: "That was H. 2 S."

Freshman (who does not understand formulas): egg stewette. Holy smoke the egg must have been rotten."

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Fred Burger: "She was more prettier than the others."

Mr. Von Kahlden (to Wood who is watching the factory girls): "If you want to see your girl you can go over there now."

McMillen (to Hopkins): "Paul you told me you studied as long as you could see."

Hopkins: "I couldn't see very long."

Hilgemann (translating): "There was a shrine of her former husband of marble in the place."

Chas Beall: "When Sir Walter Raleigh was captured, he had on 4000 lbs. of jewels."

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Mr. Lane: "Guy, you may take this sentence:  
'The Spartans did not resist the attack of the enemy.'"  
Longacre fails to translate correctly.

Mr. Lane: "Go to the board and write the word  
for Spartans. Also write this sentence. 'Do you con-  
sider the knowledge of this boy ample?'"

Blanche Tinkham: "They were to have equal  
equality of representatives."

Crowe (to Jones who is whispering): "Who are  
you talking to, Walter?"

Walter Jones: "Nobody."

Crowe: "Were you talking to me?"

Miss Kolb: "What became of the Plymouth  
Colony?"

Charles Thayer: "It busted and threw up its  
charter."



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Von Kahlden: "Well Clara, why don't you translate?"

Clara Porter (translating): "Chiefly because I am ashamed."

Maud McBride (translating): "I carry away a prize, small, but precious, when fatigued in battle."

Crowe (to Chemistry class): "I will wait till you get your arsenic down."

Ethel Saylor (translating): "Why do I not keep the faith promised to the cinders of Sychaeus."

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Jesse Reitze (translating): "She threw her—why there isn't any word there for 'arms.'"

Mr. Von Kahlden: "'Qunner' means 'always,' but you cannot always translate 'always' as 'always.'"

Von Kahlden (to Alderman): "In Germany we smoke great long pipes, not little twenty centers like yours."

Harry Clark (translating): "Twice I attempted to embrace my arms about her neck."

Mark Shoemaker: "Sulphur is colorless when heated down to 50°."

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McMillen: "Who was the Virgin Mary?"

Ray: "She was queen of Scotland, England, Ireland or something, I don't know which."

Clara Porter: "Oh, he looked just dandy. He had on a low necked dress suit."

This book makes me tired you may hear; but that can be avoided by a pair of spectacles fitted by Dallas F. Green.

Charles Hughes: "The angles formed are vertical angles and therefore there are twice as many."

Mr. Study (in lecture to Civil Government class): "Books half fiction, half history and half geography."

Mr. Von Kahliden (speaking of second year Greek class): "Those kids."

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